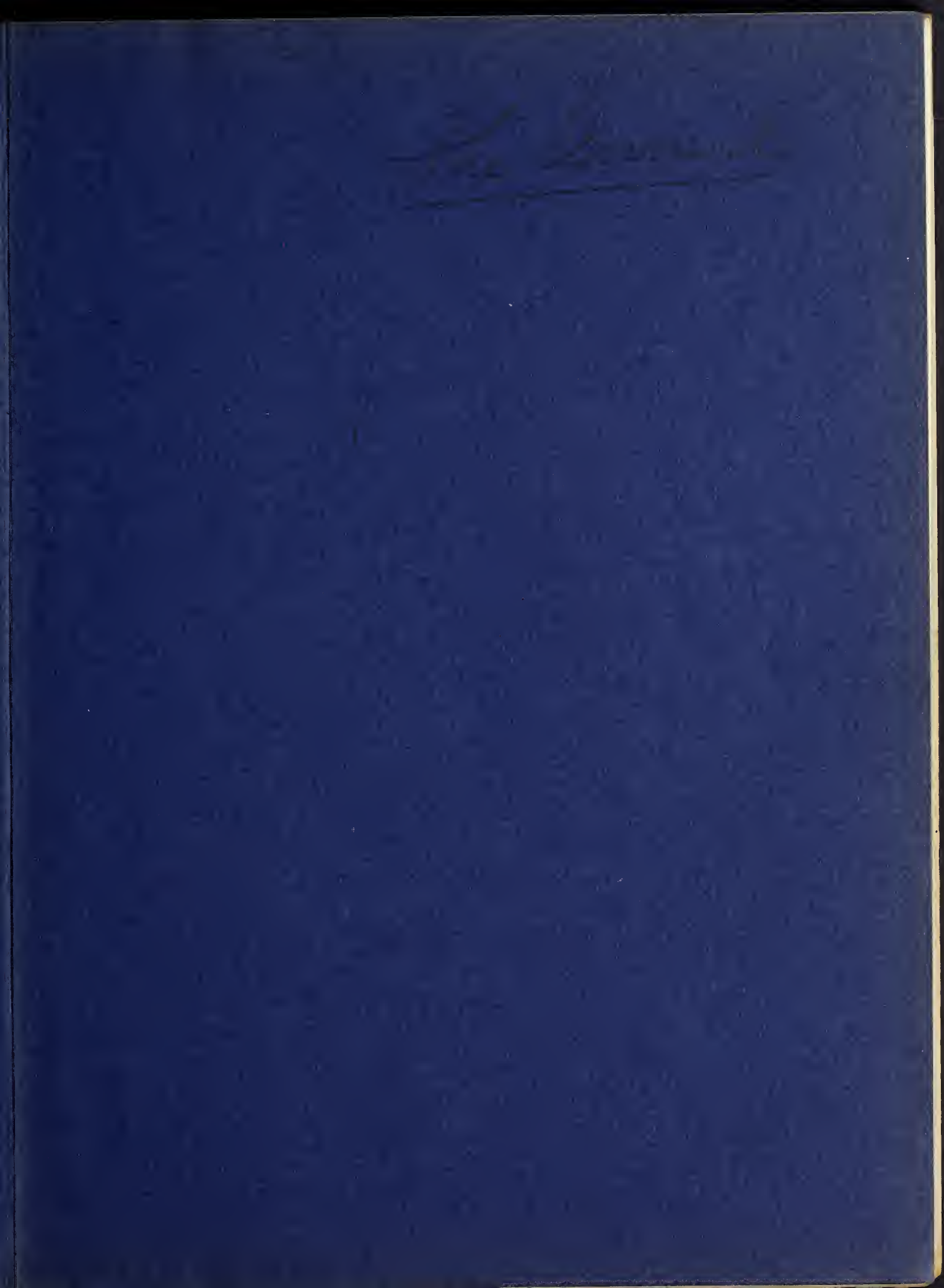


1926



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*Compiled
by the
Junior and Senior
Classes
1926*

THE NATIONAL

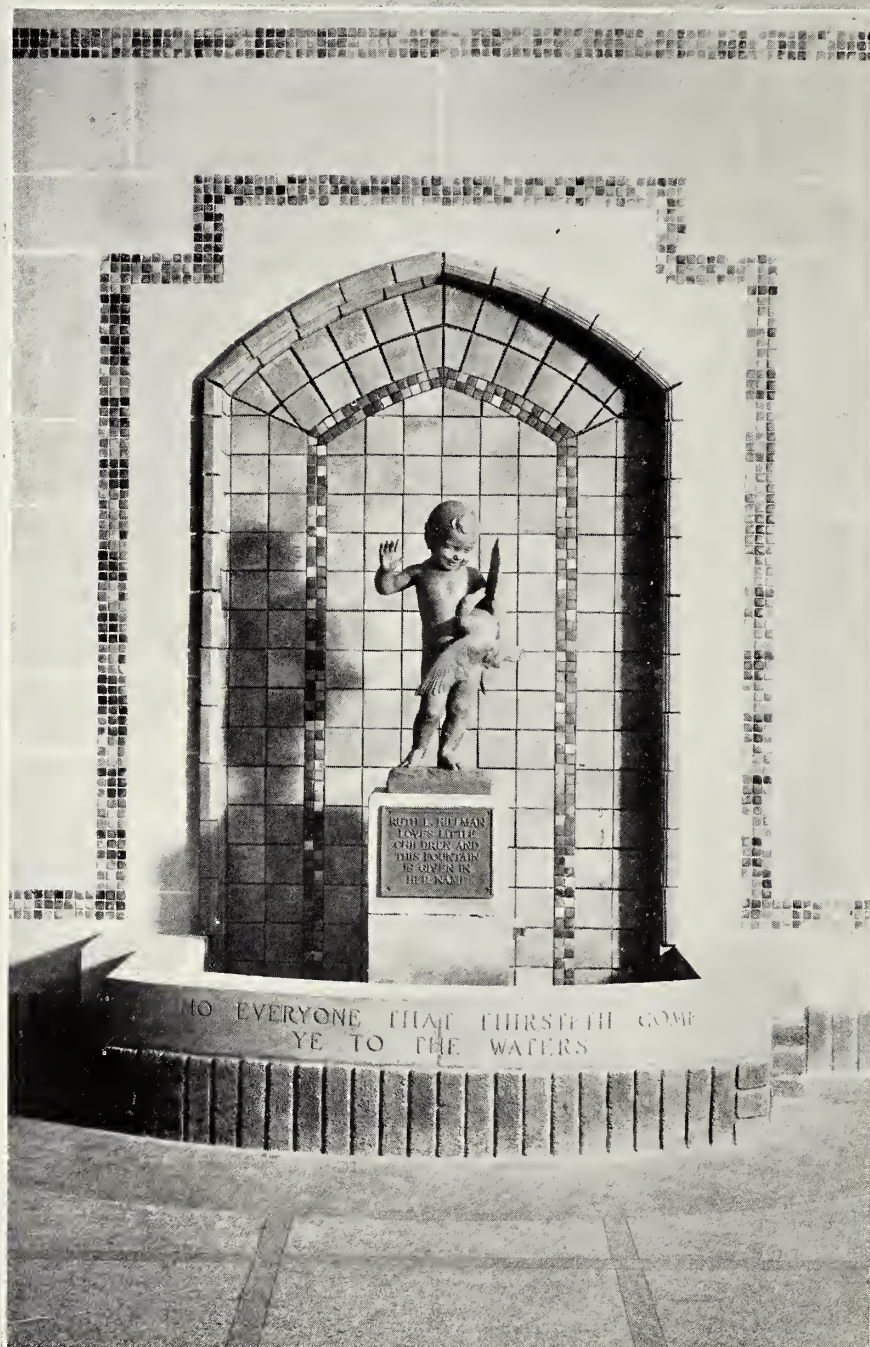


The National

Compiled by
The Students of the
National Kindergarten and
Elementary College

1926

Volume XI



ROBERT THE MAR
LOVE LITTLE
CHILD AND
THIS FOUNTAIN
IS GIVEN IN
HONOR

NO EVERYONE THAT THIRSTETH COME
YE TO THE WATERS

DEDICATION

To Miss Baker and the Faculty, ever full of faith and courage,
To Trustees and Members of the Governing Board, staunch supporters of that faith,
To Students and Alumnae, loyal and loving,
To friends whose hearts have opened in response to the vision,
To all whose gifts of art and language and money have made possible the erection
of our beautiful new College,
This volume is gratefully dedicated.



FOREWORD

To give permanent expression to some of the great joy which we have felt in seeing the fulfillment of so many of our hopes and plans, the Students of 1926 publish this volume of our annual, "The National."



STAFF

Editor.....	Ruth Carlson
Assistant Editor.....	Mary Margaret Duffield
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CONTENTS

Opening Section—School—	
Administration.....	17
Seniors.....	28
Juniors.....	36
Freshmen.....	58
Activities—	
Graduation, 1925.....	63
Convocations.....	64
Assemblies.....	65
Fire King.....	70
Circus.....	71
Dances.....	72
National's Radio Career.....	73
Chaff.....	74
The National—"Our Annual".....	75
Organizations—	
College Council.....	77
Student Government.....	79
Choir.....	80
Town Girls Association.....	81
The Alumnae Association.....	82
Athletics.....	84
Literary.....	92
Humor and Advertisements.....	100



Administration



ELIZABETH HARRISON, President Emeritus



MRS. JOHN N. CROUSE
Co-Principal of College 1886-1915

THE FOUNDERS

They stirred the embers of the centuries' smouldering thought
 Into a shimmering flame that swept their paths
 Clean of tangled dreams and doubts—
 One far-flung hope remained.
 Like seekers of the Grail they kept the way,
 Through mist and cloud and forest black with under-brush;
 Those stretching trails that clog each human quest.
 No star-strewn night, no gray chill dawn,
 No moment found their purpose lost.
 They marched, gay, glad and strongly pressed,
 To free the child from smothering bondage of age-old ideas.

—Marion Foster Lanphier.



EDNA DEAN BAKER, President

THE TOILER

A shining task it was
To set this building safe within a dream;
A shining task to whet one's soul
For patient, self-expressive toil.
And if the years' exacting terms
Sucked at the very roots of life,
If all those priceless shimmering bits—
Long hours of rest, delighted scraps of play,
And friends, good friends and quiet talk—
Were still denied the maker of the dream,
Until, like all vast, shining tasks,
The burden seemed intolerable, at best, absurd,
There still remained the courage that could look
Beyond the Sacrifice of Facts.

And so, it stands, the toiler's gift,
Its pastel loveliness serene and safe,
Its promise locked within two words—
Efficiency and Beauty.

—Marion Foster Lanphier.

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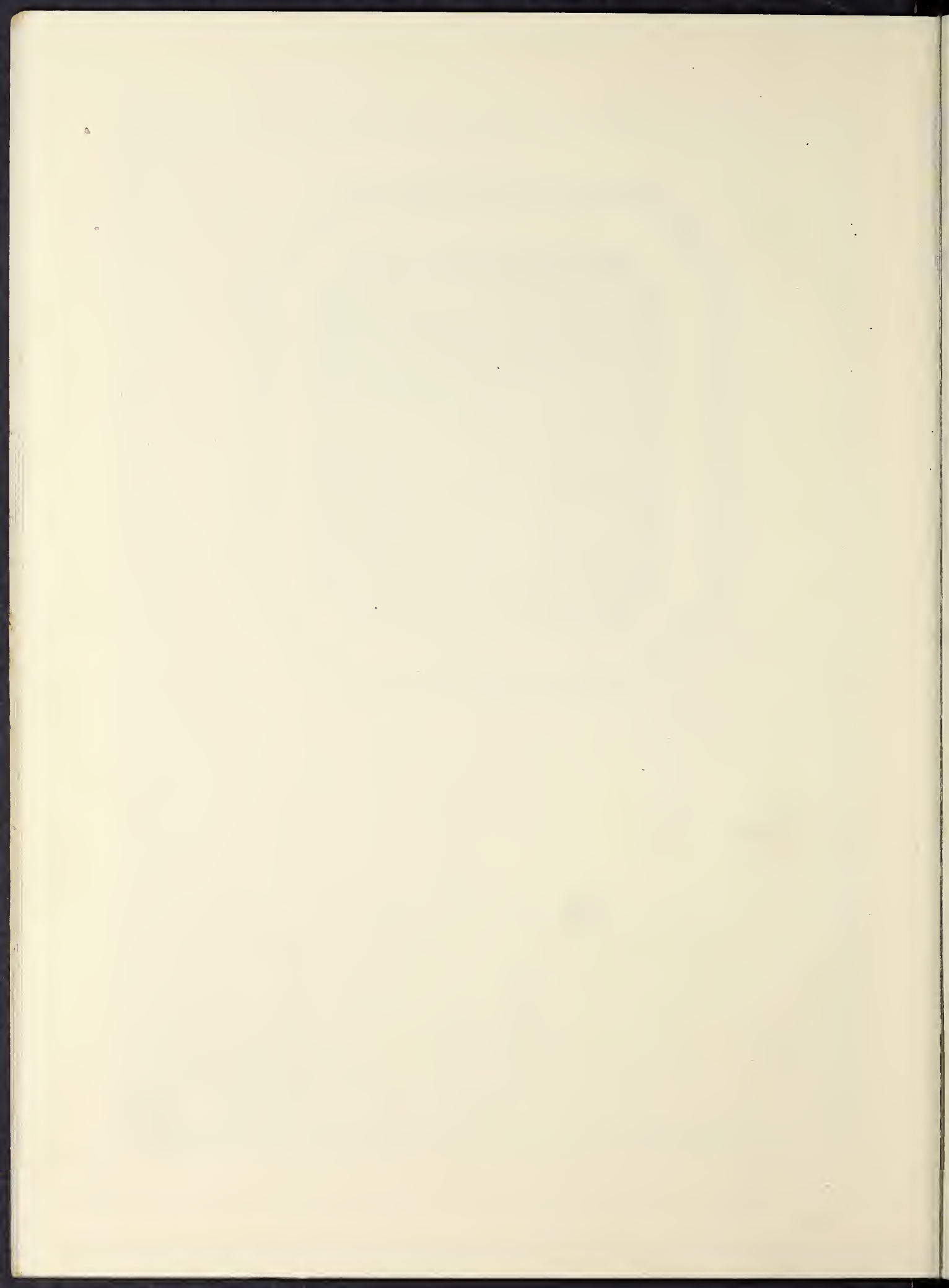
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FACULTY

MISS HARRIET M. HOWARD
Methods of Supervision
Curriculum Construction

DR. LOUIS W. WEBB
Psychology
Educational Measurements

DR. JOHN A. CLEMENT
Principles of Education
History of Education

DR. GEORGE L. SCHERGER
History, Literature

DR. THOMAS D. ELIOT
Social Aspects of Child Welfare

DR. JOHN E. STOUT
Administration

MISS ANNE GOODWIN WILLIAMS
Child Psychology
Sociology
Froebelian, Literature

MISS CLARA BELLE BAKER
Director Demonstration School
Elementary Curriculum and Methods





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Folk Dancing, Games, Athletics

DR. KATHLEEN R. HARRINGTON
Examining Physician
Personal Hygiene

DR. ELLIOTT R. DOWNING
Natural Science, Eugenics
Child Hygiene

MISS GRACE HEMINGWAY
Children's Literature

MISS MARION LANPHIER
English Composition
Essentials of Speech

MISS FRANCES KERN
Curriculum and Methods
Supervision and Conference

MISS LAURA HOOPER
Educational Measurements
Arithmetic in Elementary Schools

MISS AGNES ADAMS
Primary Methods, Social Science
Supervision and Conference





FACULTY

MISS ANNA MARKT

English Composition
Manuscript Writing
Psychology

MISS MARGARET FARRAR

Games, Festivals, Manual Play

MISS FLORENCE LINNELL

Supervision and Conference

MISS FLORENCE RICE

Manual Plays, Games
Nursery School Education

MR. FRANCIS M. ARNOLD

Interpretation of Music
Interpretation of Art

MISS LOUISE ST. JOHN WESTERVELT

Chorus

MRS. CAROLINE KOHLSAAT

Elements of Music
Children's Songs

MISS LOUISE SCHAFFNER

Applied Art





FACULTY

MISS WILLMINA TOWNES
Beginnings of Fine and Industrial Arts
Rhythms and Games

MISS ESTELLE R. WELTMAN
Nursing

MRS. MAURICE LIEBER
Citizenship

MISS M. STRICKLER
Interior Decorating

MISS MARTHA HUTCHESON
Nutrition



HOUSE MOTHERS

MRS. STELLA KAHL
MRS. KENTON H. CLARK

MRS. CORNELIA C. BURLESON
MISS JEANETTE HART

MRS. KATHERINE ELMORE

MISS BETTY MOSELEY



OF THE FACULTY, BY THE FACULTY, FOR THE FACULTY

"Oh, Uncle Remus—Tell me a story about when Brer Fox was invisible," said the little boy.

"'Bout when Brer Fox were inwis'ble, you say? Dat sure were funny!

Brer Fox he went 'way up No'th whar it am berry cold an' whar dey is ice in de winter time.

One day a nice lady wif grey hair and twinkly eyes, an' whose real home were near de Hub o' de uniwerse, 'cided she'd go to church dat mawnin' 'caze it were Good Friday.

Dis little lady started off so bright and pert like and she were trippin' along so smart and feelin' awful good 'caze she were a school teacher an' dere wa'nt no school dat day; you know dese school teachers feel dat way sometimes.

Well, she didn't know how Brer Fox could make hese'f inwisible an' dat he'd been awatchin' fer her fer a long, long time 'caze she were so sorter proud 'bout some tings.

De reason she were so proud were 'caze she came from de *Hub*, an' Brer Fox bein' a southern gentleman 'dat make him mad 'an he say to hisse'f, sezee, 'Pride goeth befo' a fall! Ha! Ha!"

Anodder reason why she ware so proud were 'case she live near *Hawvard*, and she have a little nephew named James what she so proud of—Mos' as proud as dat Mis' Burleson am o' her Peter—(What! You nebber hear her tell 'bout Peter? Lo 'chile! Whar you been?) Well—de little lady were gwine to send James to *Hawvard* some day when he git big. She herse'f went to Radcliffe, and dat am anudder reason she am so proud—dat an' gwine to C'lumbia whar all dem high-falutin' school marms goes.

So Brer Fox he makes hisse'f inwissible an' what he do dat Good Friday mawnin' but trip dat little lady up—an' down she sat on de ice kerplunk!

But de girls at de College whar she teach hab been so nice to her ebber since, dat she really got de best ob dat sly ole Brer Fox atter all.

She say dat dey is de nicest College girls she ebber know.

Miss Linnell's accomplishments are worthy of honorable mention. Not only does she dance with skill, but also makes the most real ghost in the institution. And now we hear that she is developing a new system of handwriting which threatens to eclipse manuscript writing, since it has the additional advantage of not being decipherable by any except those *deeply* concerned or those who possess an elaborate key. Anyone interested in learning more about this wonderful technique, should interview Miss Linnell in Room 219.

Among those interested in forming a class are the stenographers and those students who scan the bulletin boards daily in search of positions for next year. It might be added that Miss Linnell's new development is in no way lessening her ability as a "job-lady." Her interest in positions and position-seekers remains constant, and the student who appears at her door at 5:30 P. M. receives the same cordial thoughtful consideration as the one who comes first in the day.

Eyes of hazel, hair of brown,
Dainty figure, copper gown,—
That's Miss Baker.

Soul of valor, heart of flame,
Sympathy for every claim—
That's Miss Baker.

Walnut carving, golden light,
On tapestry and picture bright—
That's her office.

Love and reverence, and loyalty
Is each student's sweet memory—
That's their blessing.

Very near the front door
Of Harrison Hall
Presides a Grand Dame
By the name of "Kimball."
Though stately she be—
She is not too tall,
You soon come to know,
To answer the call
Of not only one
But rather of all
The students who need her
On her shoulder to "bawl"
Or to tie on a bandage
After a fall,
Or get spirits of ammonia
For a hurry-up call—
Or better perhaps
To chaperone a ball.

With all of these jobs
No wonder 'tis said
That a "complex" has she
To be always "ahead."
No dallying for her,
She lies not a-bed,
But "'Tis time for the bell;"
"You're two minutes ahead."
May be heard any day
As she is answered—
And yet she remains
A "Bolshevik red!"

Or maybe, perhaps,
An optimist led
By the swift god Hermes;
And prays that the "Head"
And all of the others
Will follow the tread
Of her trusty Big Ben
And perhaps be led
To one place in time—
Be it dinner or bed!

"But where is honorable Miss Howard?" I ask to know. "Room 220-A." they narrate. "To her you go find where to teach." I go and see much girls. All seem waiting. "Will I ever see the honorable Miss Howard?" I think in my mind——. It is a so long time. Then I see her—such sweet face, sweet smile and kind voice! She not seem worried by talk so much girls, but talk to me so long as I need. "Did I ever see more quiet, fine, kind lady?" I punctuate to myself as I go.

With apologies to

Hashimura Toga.

Sing a song of library fines,
Fines to pay to Miss Ecker.
If any girl a book delays
Miss Ecker's there to check her!

There was a young lady, you know,
Who bought an Easter suit for her beau,
And then asked her friend
The parcel to send
And enclose a Valentine so
The donor he'd easily know.

You'll hardly believe me, I trow,
But this "Easy Mark" did go
From place to place
In search of a lace
Valentine, e'en though
'Twas April, 'tho yet there was snow.

She was laughed at by store keepers so
She concluded her friend was a foe,
And buying a bunny
She hoped that the "Johnny"
Would shout with laughter, Ha, Ha,
While she with a smile, hid her woe!

In tune with all the glories of the spring time, alive to the needs of little children, in step with every progressive move in Education is this little lady whom we call our Registrar, Miss Frances McElroy.

May we introduce the "Traveling Librarian" of N. K. E. C., Miss Elizabeth Middleton. Perhaps you have met this helpful friend, with books piled high, enroute to Marienthal or Harrison Hall. On stormy days, and on calm days, this walking library functions. And, oh, yes, a brief-case has recently been added to this extension department of the college.

Varied are Miss Middleton's occupations—housemother, chaperone, accompanist, itinerant librarian. Diversity must be her motto.

Miss Lanphier—Yes, tall, queenly and dignified is she, but not too dignified to enjoy a joke, heartily, nor to take a keen interest in the frivolities connected with N. K. E. C.

Ask the Seniors of 1925 who it was who was such a perfect scream in the faculty burlesque of "The Three Bears."

OUR MAGICIAN

With her wondrous weird dramatic arts
 She charmeth hearts!
 Of homely maids she maketh dollies
 For her Follies!
 She causeth our stable Faculty
 To frisk in glee!
 She biddeth the ponderous overweight
 To lessen her freight!
 From Persephone and the Fire King
 She earned this Building!

Amiable always (the sweetest disposition in the world. Beloved by Children as well as by grown-ups.) Delightfully Enthusiastic (over tests and everything). Fun-loving. Gracious. Helpful in every way. Just the Kind everyone Loves....
 The End (of the four lines, not of the virtues of Miss Hooper.)

Did you know that Miss Kern has a hobby? Although we have not had the opportunity of seeing her apply the principles of child training to the little one whose habits and attitudes lack symmetry and beauty, we believe that she would transform the child as effectively as she has her hobby—namely her summer home, Frankernia. When Miss Kern discovered this place, it was an unattractive old farm house. Now it is a summer home of beauty, convenience and comfort, and it is here that this faculty member sojourns for the vacation months.

Do you know all the annual staff wanted a picture of a very good friend of Miss McElroy's, but no matter how much we pestered her for it, she would only blush and smile.

However—we saw Him and Miss McElroy doesn't know we did.
 And He is just as nice looking as He can be, and we sincerely hope all the rest will have the same opportunity we did.

Then you know Miss Adams has a friend too, but the staff regrets it did not see Him at Wilson Avenue. Those who saw Him were more excited than Miss Adams herself, and could hardly refrain from being polite and well-mannered as they usually are.

Who leads us gently by the hand
 Through twisting turns of Froebel-land,
 Next lends her aid to help squeeze
 Through Child Psychology mysteries,
 And when with sociology we collide,
 Shows us pathways fair and wide?

Her name is Anne Goodwin Williams. The students know her but the alumnae know her much better. Just wait until you are an alumna and see!

Who's it not only inquires, but insists
 On knowing the news before it exists?
 Who's it sends topics to our local papers
 That make home folk question our innocent capers?
 Who is it? Miss Whitecomb, a-plying her trade,
 And if practise makes perfect her fame should be made.



Seniors



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

1925-1926

Mildred Dittman.....	President
Florence Hediger.....	Vice-President
Olive Widdowsor.....	Secretary
Doris Leaman.....	Treasurer
Miss Marion Lanphier.....	Class Sponsor

1924-1925

Dorothy Mangelsdorf.....	President
Mildred Dittman.....	Vice-President
Florence Hediger.....	Secretary
Edna Hupprech.....	Treasurer
Miss Marion Lanphier.....	Class Sponsor

1923-1924

Kathryn Smith.....	President
Hildegard Von Barandy.....	Vice-President
Lois McCandless.....	Secretary
Virginia Chase.....	Treasurer
Miss Marion Lanphier.....	Class Sponsor



Mary Rose Heilman Mildred Dittman Florence Hediger Minnetta Hartshorn
Edith Johnson Pauline Koon

MILDRED DITTMAN, 1436 Foster Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma 1925; Kindergarten Demonstration Scholarship 1926; President Senior Class 1925, '26; Student Council 1925, '26; Vice-President Junior Class, 1924, '25; Choir, 1924, '25; Racketty Packetty House, 1925; Pageant, 1925; Town Girls Association.

FLORENCE HEDIGER, 6333 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; Primary Demonstration Scholarship, 1926; Vice-President Senior Class, 1926; Student Council 1925, '26; Secretary Junior Class, 1924, '25; Secretary Student Council, 1925; Fire King, 1926; Racketty Packetty House, 1925; Pageant, 1925; Town Girls Association.

MARY ROSE HEILMAN, 1003 First Ave., Evansville, Ind.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Chairman Senior Bridge, 1926; Pageant, 1925; Fire King, 1926.

MINNETTA HARTSHORN, 523 Illinois Ave., Ottawa, Ill.

Kindergarten Elementary Diploma, June 1926.

EDITH JOHNSON, 2250 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; The Helen Grinnell Mears Scholarship, 1925; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Fire King, 1926; Racketty Packetty House, 1925; Pageant, 1925; Broadcast over Radio.

PAULINE KOON, 314 Thompson Ave., York, Neb.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; Pageant, 1925; Fire King, 1926.



Mary Frances Owen

Vera Larson

Doris Leaman

Virginia MacDonald

Elizabeth Storer

Kathryn Smith

VERA LARSON, 2524 Ahsland Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; The Mrs. John N. Crouse Scholarship, 1925; Fire King, 1926; Pageant, 1925.

DORIS LEAMAN, Dugger, Indiana.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; Treasurer Senior Class, 1926; Student Council, 1926; Vice-President Student Government, 1925; Choir, 1925, '26; Fire King, 1926; Racketty Packetty House, 1925; Pageant, 1925.

MARY FRANCES OWEN, 202 E. Seventh St., Bloomington, Ind.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Tribune; Fire King, 1926.

VIRGINIA MacDONALD, Duluth, Minnesota.

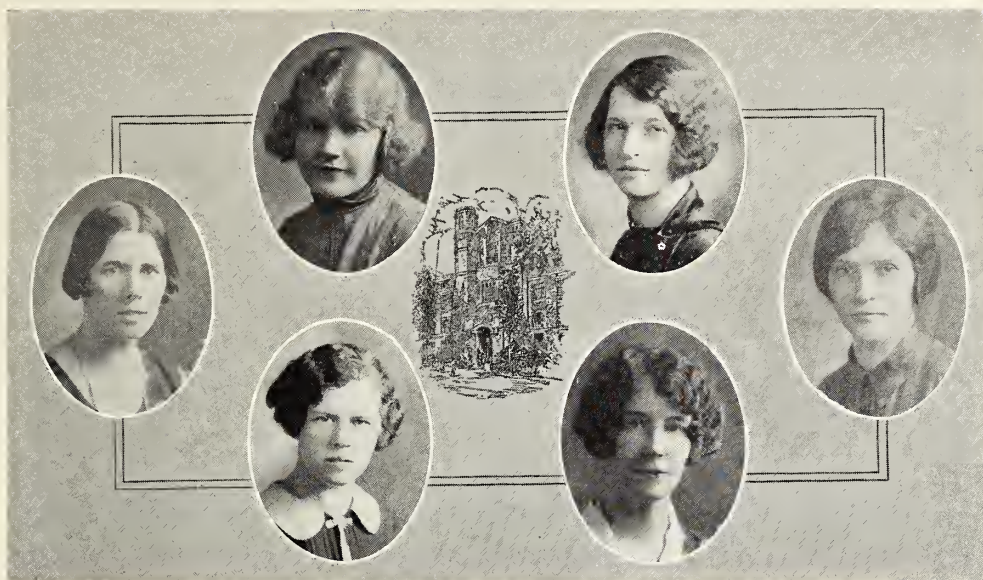
Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; Treasurer Student Council, 1925; Secretary-Treasurer Midyear Class, 1925; Fire King, 1926; Pageant, 1925.

ELIZABETH STORER, 6109 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, July 1926; President Senior Class, 1925; Fire King, 1926.

KATHRYN SMITH, Muleshoe, Texas.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1925; The Elizabeth Harrison Scholarship, 1925; President Student Council, 1926; Student Council, 1924, '25, '26; President Student Government, 1925; President Freshman Class, 1924; Fire King, 1926; Dance Committee, 1925.



Clara Tutt

Frances Swanson

Elcey Trezona

Olive Widdowson

Ruth Hardy

Gladys Webster

FRANCES SWANSON, 5055 N. Mozart St., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; Business Manager Annual, 1926; President Town Girls Association, 1926; Student Council, 1926; Choir, 1924, '25; Fire King, 1926; Circulating Manager Chaff, 1925; Pageant, 1925.

ELCEY TREZONA, Ely, Minnesota.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; Fire King, 1926; Racketty Packetty House, 1925; Pageant, 1925.

CLARA TUTT, Rouleau, Sask., Canada.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Student Government Board; Fire King, 1926.

OLIVE WIDDOWSON, 2031 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1926; Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, 1925; The Jean Carpenter Arnold Scholarship, 1925; Secretary Senior Class, 1926; Student Council, 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Joke Editor Annual, 1924; Racketty Packetty House, 1925; Pageant, 1925; Fire King, 1926.

RUTH HARDY, 5747 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Degree of Bachelor of Education, June 1926; Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma, June 1925; Kindergarten Primary Diploma, August 1924; Chairman Song Contest, 1926; Vice-President Student Council, 1925, '26; Editor of Annual, 1925; Pageant, 1924; '25, Fire King, 1926; Town Girls Association; The Mary Juliette Cooper Normal Scholarship, June 1925.

GLADYS WEBSTER, 2224 Jule St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Degree of Bachelor of Education, June 1926, Fire King 1926.

HISTORY OF THE NOTED SENIOR CLASS REVEALED TO THE PUBLIC

Three years ago we entered the Stable door. Our hopes were high; we were ready for and expected great things. But high hopes, great expectations, and all have been more than realized in these three full years.

The hearty welcome we received at National was the beginning of an awfully good time. We put on our prettiest manners for receptions, our prettiest dresses for dances, got out our pep for assemblies, and our cash for shows. Between hygiene, parties, sessions with Student Council, theme-writing, chorus and hockey, we had a dandy time. We came back for more.

As Juniors it was our turn to help set the pace. "Chaff," a year old baby, grew to be quite a child; it was printed and appeared quite regularly. "Racketty Packetty House," we feel could only have been possible with such a class as ours. What fun we had! Fairies, funnies, fops, freaks and castor oil! The one thing in which every Junior has a paramount interest is the Spring Festival. Our lovely pageant, "Persephone," will always keep its place in our store of beautiful pictures and memories. The color, the music, the movement of swaying grain, of splashing fountain, and dawn-tinted clouds are ours. Then came commencement, and to say that it was a real National Commencement is enough.

Now in our last year we are a select body, about twenty in all, but the commotion we make would indicate more. With the help of the Juniors we made "The Fire King," a Senior project. Everyone had a chance to realize her secret ambition, "to go on the stage."

Our biggest thrill at National was moving to Evanston. A dream realized! Deep in our hearts we could never really believe that we would graduate from the new College. But here we are, and all of us are looking forward to the most wonderful commencement National has yet known.

—Olive Widdowson.

THE DWINDLING WORLD

It was a curious thing, that sudden decision of mine to drop books and *brush* for globe-trotting, a pastime about which I had often expressed myself in no mild terms of scorn. Yet, here I was aboard the *Glorianna*, heading straight for a remote port somewhere down the coast of Syria. At least, it was comforting to be off the beaten path of tourists. Very likely I would not be taxed for polite conversation for fifteen blessed months. America and its general social clatter lay securely behind me.

"It *is*. I tell you it *is* she."

I heard the smooth, soft voice slide up into the merest hint of a squeal. Then a deeper tone—

"It can't be—still, it *might* be."

"*Might* be! Flo, I tell you it is Miss Lanphier!" The soft voice had become animate with insistent confidence.

"Very well, Mim; have it your own way," came the easy comfortable assurance.

I came to the surface of things with a start! Indeed it was not hard to recall the owners of those voices, but before I could speak they had turned to the leeward side. I settled back. Later in the day would do; I was too comfortable to move just now. Funny! those two so far from the beaten path. Curious, most curious, this small world of ours.

"Miss Lanphier!!!"

Again I leaped into the very live "conscious."

"Elcey Trezona!" I faltered. "Are *all* the famous class aboard?"

Elcey giggled—you remember how Elcey always giggled.

"No—have hope—but you'd be *surprised*. There's quite a crowd of us. My husband and I—yes, I'm married to Hugh Tearle—you remember Conway Tearle—well Hugh's *just like* him only *much* better looking—walks *exactly* like him only Hugh's ever so *much* more graceful, and he has that same sad beau-u-tiful look of Conway's only with much more *personality*—no, he's not on the screen—but he's Olive's Manager."

I realized I would have to be firm if I were to stem this torrent.

"*Wait a minute*—do you mean Olive Widdowson? And what about her needs managing. I thought—"

"*What about her?*"

Elcey's voice shot up into the most incredulous of crescendos.

"Where have you been. Oh, pardon me! But, Olive's so well known abroad, Cairo, Bombay, Palmeryo—"

"So? My work—busy—you see—" I became feeble and inarticulate.

"Yes, I suppose," agreed Elcey amiably. "Well—we're all here. It was this way. Morris Gest came across Olive one night in southern North Dakota, playing Eliza in the Village Frolic. She managed the ice so efficiently he *knew* she had talent. Rushing back to New York for the contract he dropped dead! Excitement over his find, the doctor said. Then Hugh—my husband, you know, took the job. We're a celebrated company. Olive does the heavies, Doris the—well, Doris was always versatile; so *she* does any part requiring finesse except infant roles—Vera takes those. Then"—Elcey stopped to adjust her hair and her breath—"Then—we had to bring Fran along to keep Doris and Olive from continual frenzy over the leading man. She hated to come. She manages, writes, and edits Pleasant Pleasantries. She's afraid the moths will get into them while she's gone." Elcey rolled her eyes. "Moths are *fatal*, you know!" Elcey stopped again. I seized my chance.

"Didn't I just see Mildred and Florence?"

"Sure—you did! Mim does the blonde royals—Flo the brunettes!"

"The blonde royals?" I suggested.

"Sure—when we need a *real* lady for an Empress or a Queen or something—oh, you know, Miss Lanphier!"

"Yes-es," I agreed, recalling them in the Circus at 2944. "Is that the whole crowd then?"

"Oh no! Hugh needs lots of help. *Efficient* managers always need *big* staffs! Hugh does. There's Kay Smith, the pressman. How she *can* get us *into the papers*—*learned how* in Buffalo, you know. Then, Clara Tutt—she's an LLD now—she comes along to undo Kay's hunches and get us *out* of the papers. Oh, its marvelous; Hugh says so!"

"Yes, of course. Your husband must know. But tell me, where's Virginia MacDonald?"

Elcey gurgled! "Oh—you've said it, Miss Lanphier. The little angel's right aboard this here leetle canoe! She's our Interior Decorator and Scene Painter and directs the shifting. That relieves Hugh. He is so-o-o sensitive, so beau-u-tifully sensitive. The noise grates on his nerves." Elcey looked as beatific as it was possible for Elcey to look.

"But, where are *you* going, Miss Lanphier?"

"I—oh—up the coast of Syria after our stop at Cairo."

"Oh goodie—goodie! That'll be the kitten's snowshoes! You can come right along with the mob. Mary Rose is entertaining us—a marvelous week-end before we take rooms at the hotel. Olive's doing Cairo for six weeks—then we jump to Porto Rico!"

"Porto Rico—how inconvenient."

"Yes," sighed Elcey, "so does everybody, but Hugh arranged it."

"Oh—I see. Does Miss Heilman like Cairo?"

"Oh my, yes—no end of things to go to. She married a Spanish merchant descended straight from—well, I've forgotten his name—discovered the Pacific she says—but Hugh says he was little better than a pirate!"

"I see—It's all very curious, don't you think?"

"Curious? Oh, Miss Lanphier, how funny! Now Hugh has never thought that."

"Oh—yes—Hugh—I see! Perhaps it isn't then."

"Well—ta-ta, now. We'll see you at dinner, Miss Lanphier. The girls will be tickled to death. Ta-ta!" And Elcey was off in a whirl of bands and ribbons.

If I thought that my companions' presence on the Glorianna furnished material for musing—I was certainly unprepared for further testimony to our world's limitations. Had I been really prepared, that near-fall from the gang-plank would never have occurred. For, as I strolled casually down that narrow board who should be gathering in her flock with professional expertness but Betty Storer wearing a large Cook Tour Badge. I had hardly recovered when someone seized me with ecstatic shrieks. It was Edith Johnson and behind her, with thirty little Egyptians, were Pauline Koon and Ruth Gall. The little Egyptians were on their way to a water picnic—the good old play spirit of N. K. E. C.! Minnetta Hartshorne owned a steam ship line, inherited it from the widower she had married, and was giving them the excursion free.

"Well—this is the last straw for surprises," I moaned. "Such a collection of that famous clan, in Cairo of all places!"

"Oh, Cairo's climate is fine," said Edith. "My voice is twice as strong as it used to be!—But, here's our boat pulling in. Can't you come with us. Mary Frances Owen will entertain you."

"Mary Frances Owen! Another?" I was quite weak, for that closed the list of the illustrious Seniors of 1926!

"Yes—she's a lady of leisure now. When she came there were scads of defectives in Cairo. Now, there's not a one and she just rides around having a good time. Good-bye—come to see our Nursery School before you leave."

I promised and then sat down on my baggage and watched the thirty little Egyptians disappear into their puffing steamer.

When the very last one was safely aboard and had solemnly and dutifully waved me a doubtful, if obedient, adieu, I could but continue to marvel at the strangeness of it all, the curious dwindling aspect of the world with these seniors scattered where I had expected to have no polite conversation.



Juniors



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

1925-1926

Winifred Wilson.....	President
Georgia Lee Stemper.....	Vice-President
Marion Armstrong.....	Secretary
Alma Prange.....	Treasurer
Miss Agnes Adams.....	Class Sponsor

1924-1925

Ruth Carlson.....	President
Florence Hammel.....	Vice-President
Eva Hanousek.....	Secretary
Virginia Tourtelotte.....	Treasurer
Miss Willmina Townes.....	Class Sponsor

JUNIORS IN THE MAKING

'Member way back in 1924 when we as little green freshies entered the portals of N. K. E. C. just bubbling over with curiosity? We wondered what it all would be—Miss Baker, faculty, housemothers, classmates, all were new and strange to us. How different now! How we hate to think of parting from these dear familiar faces.

Our school calendar as we looked at it seemed rather full with teas, reception dances, and parties of all kinds to break into our very studious life. Our freshman year went fast and is now nothing but a heap of pleasant memories, hosts of new friends, and knowledge stored for future use.

The fall came and with it came almost all the girls back to N. K. E. C. Just before Thanksgiving we had one of our biggest thrills when Miss Baker announced in assembly that we would move into our new Evanston home the first of February. Every one entered into the spirit of "doing and giving" for our building fund. Stunts were put on which excelled many of the best shows in town.

The lucky girls among us returned from the Thanksgiving holidays with a new frock for the Junior Dance to be held on the Sisson Hotel Roof Garden, December fourth. It was a lovely party and the little porch just off the dance floor—How wonderful those stars were! Since the music was perfect, as well as each man there, the dance was a big success.

The week after we returned from Christmas vacation there was a Director's Tea given by the Juniors, which was a very delightful affair and where we met again all our previous directors as well as our present ones.

The pep meeting in January was a thing no Junior will ever forget. The shouts of joy accompanied with thoughts of moving into a beautiful new school were followed by thoughts of sadness at leaving our Stable home. So a Stable Dance was planned and was held in the college building the last night we were in our old home. The dance programs were unique, as was the whole affair, and it was a most fitting farewell to our Stable.

Then we were given an unexpected vacation from the twenty-ninth of January to February tenth, which took the place of our Easter vacation, and left us only four days of Spring vacation. But we were all glad to have it, especially after all our examinations, for what could be sweeter than a recuperation at this time?

The first few days at our new school were a bit upset with freshly plastered walls, a cowbell summons to classes, and everyone getting lost in the corridors, but these were all wonderful days for us.

Now the Spring Festival looms before us and then Commencement, when we gain what we have striven for. But in the joy of Commencement is also the sorrow of parting with dear friends and friendly places. We will always remember the days we spent at National!

DO DREAMS EVER COME TRUE? SOME SAY IN OPPOSITES THEY DO!

I stood on the banks of the River Styx, no longer in my mortal body. 'Twas darker than midnight and no sound was heard except the murmuring of the black waters. At last I boarded the ferry boat and having been carried across the river I was put into the care of a guide on the other shore. I first visited heaven. All here was beautiful and angels walking over the golden pavements playing their diamond-studded harps enchanted me and held me spell-bound at their beauty and loveliness. But I had come to learn the fate of my N. K. E. C. College friends, and having found St. Peter unable to answer my numerous questions I proceeded to peruse the golden tablet records.

Heading the list I found the names of Helen Bart, Nan Bauer, and Helen Bosshard who had given their lives to work among the suffering children of the "Near East." Cecile McManus, Ruth Cruicknell, Evelyn Solomon and Mary Worthington had been so overpowered by the speech from India at chapel that day in March that immediately after graduation they had set sail for the Indian shores where they worked diligently among the poor natives. Betty Neureuther, Anita Bennett, Nina Criss, Elinor Cobiskey, Margaret Pierce, and Ruth Boots had been happily married and were given especial honor because of the large number of perfectly reared children which they had given to the new generation. I noticed that Betty had eleven youngsters and I wondered if Miss Baker and her "eleven kids" had been an inspiration to her.

Doris Yeaton and Jessie Scherer had won a place here through the wonderful art which they had given to the world in dance. Doris, after studying for years in Hawaii had so mastered the Hawaiian Dance that she could not be recognized apart from the natives, and Jessie had become so enchanted with the balloons at our Carnival that she continued to delight the world with her balloon technique.

Pearl Wheeler, Rosa Petry and Ethel Huttner had worked out a very unique mental test which could test anyone, of any age, at any time. It had been a great help to the entire world. Kay Range had formed a partnership with a relative of the famous Goddard and together they had traced many feeble-minded families back to the Kalikaks.

Beatrice Holscher, May Markkannen, and Vivian Katz had been very active in prohibiting the use of chewing gum by primary teachers.

Alice Gutknecht, Dorothy Long, Julia Strohm, Mary Margaret Duffield, and Miriam Bilger, after completing Dr. Downing's course in Nature Study had gone out into the world resolved to bring an "Ant House" into every school and they had accomplished wonders in making the children more acquainted with ants and nature. Ruth Carlson, Ethel Belden, and Evelyn Mattson had consolidated and through their united efforts had presented every school in Illinois and vicinity with a pond of ducks and vast numbers of trees in order that the students might know the pleasures of tramps into nature for nature's sake.

Helen Pierce, Mary Bottiglieri, Jeanette Sutliff, Sonia Hassen, and Lucille Fauquher had toured Africa singing in Chautauqua and had brought tears of thankfulness to many a native's eyes that they had lived to hear such voices. Selma Huttner and Bertha Koff operated a lunch room in a settlement house, thus giving the undernourished little ones, at least one square meal a day. Mrs. Craig, Grace Jameson, Ethel Smith, and Harriet Steadman had given their entire time to going from house to house in these poorer districts, soliciting children for this settlement Kindergarten.

Isabelle Minick and Agnes Hilton had studied Psychology until too feeble to open a book. Autumn Bartholomew, Mary Saxe, Belle Hymen, Jane Gdulewicz and Lois Frost had toured the country in a Ford explaining and demonstrating the way birds fly. Louise Helz, Beatrice Lyddon, Mary Rafferty, Bessie Rumpf,

and Martha Woodbury had assisted Penka in starting a school in Bulgaria under Mrs. Johnson's method and had done a great deal of good giving freedom to these little Bulgarians.

Although I scanned the pages closely I could find no more of my N. K. E. C. College friends on these golden tablets so I proceeded to other realms. Stepping into an elevator I was carried downward with great rapidity until I reached Hades where I wandered through dark and gruesome passages until I came to a door bearing this sign "Office of Mephistopheles." I hurried in seeking to learn the fate of the rest of my N. K. E. C. classmates. I was not disappointed for in this thick record book I found the names of Martha Dox, Marion Blomgren, Gladys Huntley, Marion Wallace, Dorothy Trainer, and Irene Parsons who had attempted theft. They tried to steal the heart of every man they met.

Ardis Hawk, Ruth Hillis, Alma Prange, and Eva Wilson had been arrested for speeding while hurrying to their respective schools.

Gertrude St. Clair, Pauline Parmalee, Evelyn Anderson, Lee Huckstep, Helen Schade, and Edna McConnell were all victims of that grim destroying monster—rouge!

Adele Adams and Virginia Tourtelotte had edited a paper which was the scandal of the country.

Dot Allen had taught her pupils the "elephant walk" to the exclusion of all else and had thereby ruined their constitutions. Verna Altermatt, Eleanor Svaty, Mary Kay O'Brien, and Louise Irwin had refused to be supervised and therefore had failed in their teaching career.

Geraldine Behensky and Zeta Gunning had married farmers but had forgotten all about their husbands and homes in their task of crossing tall green peas with yellow wrinkled ones. Frances Antink, Caroline Farmer and Mae Whitmack having become tired of teaching had driven busses between Hollywood and San Francisco until they had had a terrible collision.

Winnie Wilson, Pauline Kirschten, Ruth Lesser, and Gladys Reuther had taught school in Alaska until they married some rich gold-diggers and returned to Chicago where they lived on Lake Shore Drive and squandered their wealth. Elizabeth Geshwind had written and collected poetry for lovers but when Florence Hammel, Ruth Robson and Muriel Dameron applied for some of her poetry it excited them so that they were never the same again.

Frances Ward, Thelma Router, Grace Roosman, Minetta Sprain, Rose Bolton, Mary Louise Pyott, and Muriel Court had been so over-zealous in their teaching that they had tried to push their pupils through three grades in one year and had made them unfit for further education. Irene Ambre, Margaret Hulse, Jessie MacLennan, J. Kuehmsted, and Louise Bush had ruined their children's health by using candy for a device.

Dorothy Knowles and Virginia Cohen had edited an art magazine which shocked the world.

Georgia Lee was the leader of a band in which Marion Armstrong, L. Forney, Jane Bunnell, Geraldine Wagner, Vivian Needham, and Betty Shoesmith played. This band ruined the ears of a vast number of people.

Signe Nelson was a member of the Juvenile Court, but she had felt so sorry for the culprits that she let them all free without investigation.

Grace Birkill, Grace Finch, Corrinne McCoid, Virginia Robinson, Sylvia R. Kaminskie, Caroline Totera, and Bee Engstrand had led their respective husbands a merry chase rushing all over the country to hear lectures on the modern method of teaching school by not teaching. Pearl Bobele, Selma Eckhaus, Alice Weber and Dorothy Carnright should have taken a course in Domestic Science instead of Kindergarten work because their husband's stomachs had been ruined after the first three months of married life.

As I was thus searching this book for the remainder of my classmates, I was startled by the terrific ringing of a bell—It was seven o'clock and Big Ben was warning me to get up or I'd be late for my nine o'clock.

JUNIOR CHEER SONG

Cheer for N. K. E. C.
Great is her fame.
Her girls are fighting
To uphold her name.
We'll all be true and loyal.
See her banners waving
High above the rest.
Red and white will prove
N. K. E. C. is best.



Alice Gutknecht
Mary Margaret Duffield

Ruth Hillis
Bertha Koff

Ruth Carlson
Carolyn Farmer

Ethel Smith
Jane Bunnell

Alice Gutknecht, 3321 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Ruth Hillis, 3521 Middleton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; President Student Government, 1926, House Tribune 1926.

Ruth Carlson, 1126 Oak Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Editor Annual, 1926; Vice-President Town Girls Association, 1925, '26; Student Council, 1925, '26; Talked Over Radio, 1926; President Freshman Class, 1924, '25; Dance Committee, 1924, '25.

Ethel Smith, 7939 S. Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1925, '26; Town Girls Association.

Mary Margaret Duffield, 215 Forest Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma June 1926; Assistant Editor Annual, 1926; Broadcast over Radio, 1926; Fire King, 1926; Dance Committee, 1926; Circus, 1926; Town Girls Association, Choir 1924, 1925, 1926.

Bertha Koff, 2427 N. Kedzie Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

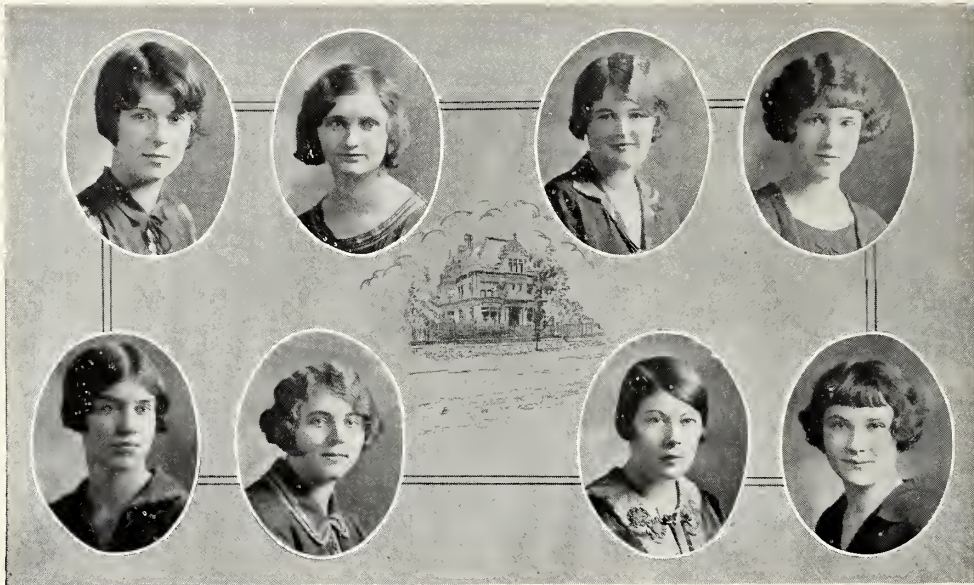
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association; Circus, 1926.

Carolyn Farmer, 306 W. Lowell Ave., Shenandoah, Iowa.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Christmas Carols, 1925.

Jane Bunnell, 1018 Riverview Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Christmas Carols, 1925.



Lena Newfield
Martha Dox

Rhoda Salter
Mary Bottiglierio

Jane Longan
Marion Wallace

Doris Yeaton
Sylvia R. Kaminski

Lena Newfield, 2150 Sixteenth Ave., S., Birmingham, Ala.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Rhoda Salter, West DePere, Wisconsin.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Jane Longan, 102 Grand Ave., Lincoln, Ill.

Doris Yeaton, 19 N. Ashland Ave., La Grange, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926; Town Girls Association, 1925.

Martha Dox, 4924 Chicago St., Omaha, Neb.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Mary Bottiglierio, 1320 McAlister Place, Chicago, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir 1925, '26.

Marion Wallace, 315 Oakland Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1925, '26.

Sylvia R. Kaminski, 1134 Washburn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.



Kathryn Hoppenyan
Julia Morse

Mary Louise Pyott
Mildred Ann Leonard

Ruth Lesser
Frances Ward

Margaret Pierce
Delma Doane

Kathryn Hoppenyan, 1307 W. Third St., Ashland, Wis.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, July 1926.

Mary Louise Pyott, 229 N. Elmwood Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1925, '26; Town Girls Association.

Ruth Lesser, 7302 Paxton Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926; Circus, 1926; Treasurer
Town Girls Association, 1924, '25.

Margaret Pierce, 1105 Seward St., Evanston, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Directors' Tea Committee, 1926; Circus, 1926;
Dance Committee, 1925; Broadcast over Radio, 1925; Town Girls Association.

Julia Morse, 815 Washington Blvd., Oak Park, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Mildred Ann Leonard, 817 Pontiac, Rochester, Indiana.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, July 1926.

Frances Ward, 41 S. Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926. Director's Tea Committee, 1926; Town Girls
Association.

Delma Doane, 1131 Fourth St., Muskegon, Mich.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.



Marion Armstrong
Grace Jameson

Edna Hupprech
Edythe Franks

Alberta Myers
Dorothy Long

Ethel Huttner
Dorothy Trainer

Marion Armstrong, 409 Eighth St., La Grange, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma June 1926; Secretary Junior Class, 1925, '26; Chairman Initiation, 1925, '26; Student Council, 1925, '26.

Edna Hupprech, 348 N. Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Treasurer Junior Class, 1924, '25; Student Council, 1924, '25.

Alberta Myers, 257 Mt. Airy, Paris, Kentucky.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Town Girls Association.

Ethel Huttner, 1737 Wallen Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Town Girls Association.

Grace Jameson, Linden, Michigan.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Edythe Franks, 996 Pine St., Sault St. Marie, Mich.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Dorothy Long, 5476½ University Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Dorothy Trainer, 305 S. Catherine Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926; Town Girls Association.



Beatrice Holscher
Thelma Router

Elinor Cobiskey
Edna Deane Deuel

Grace Birkill
Isabel Minick

Ruth Robson
Jeanette Sutliff

Beatrice Holscher, 16 Edwin Ave., Kirkwood, Mo.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1925, '26.

Elinor Cobiskey, 1511 Colfax St., Evanston, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926; Town Girls Association.

Grace Birkill, Bellevue, Iowa.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Ruth Robson, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Thelma Router, Cambria, Wyoming.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926.

Edna Deane Deuel, 109 W. Jefferson St., Kirksville, Mo.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Circus, 1926.

Isabel Minick, 503 W. Second St., Washington, Iowa.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26.

Jeanette Sutliff, 118 Parkside Drive, Peoria, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Broadcast over Radio.



Mrs. Edith Craig Martha Woodbury Beatrice Engstrand Mae Neitz
 Jessie MacLennan Vivian Needham Jessie Scherer Ruth Boots Helen Bosshard

Mrs. Edith Craig, 512 Lake St., Oak Park, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association; Choir, 1925, '26.

Martha Woodbury, Hebron, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Beatrice Engstrand, 5858 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Mae Neitz, 125 N. Brainard St., Mapleville, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Jessie MacLennan, 812 Penn. Ave., Gary, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association, 1924, '25.

Vivian Needham, Sugar Grove, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1925, '26; Circus, 1926; Town Girls Association.

Jessie Scherer, 12 Mason St., Hammond, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association, 1926.

Ruth Boots, 60 Cedar St., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1925, '26; Town Girls Association.

Helen Bosshard, Bangor, Wis.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.



May Whitmack
Janet Copenhaver

Louise Bush
Winifred Wilson

Virginia Tourtelotte
Alma Prange

Julia Strohm
Evelyn Mattson

May Whitmack, 707 32nd St., Billings, Mont.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1925, '26.

Louise Bush, 6330 Ada St., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Virginia Tourtelotte, 619 Upper Third St., Evansville, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Editor Chaff, 1925, '26; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Treasurer Freshman Class, 1924, '25; Student Council, 1924, '25, '26.

Julia Strohm, 351 E. Market St., Napponee, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Janet Copenhaver, Bellflower, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Winifred Wilson, 335 S. Humphry Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

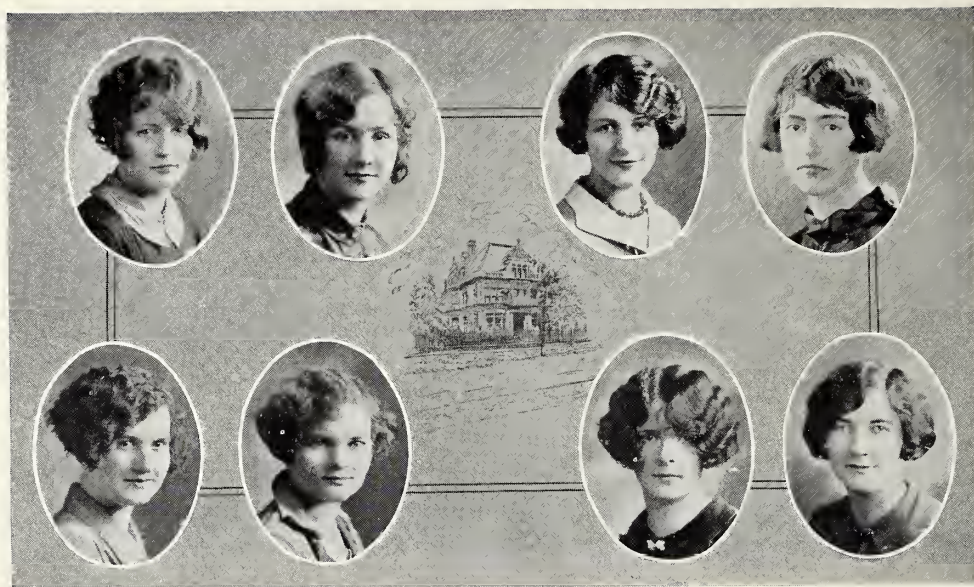
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926. President Junior Class, 1925, '26; Student Council, 1925, '26; Fire King, 1926; Town Girls Association.

Alma Prange, 233 N. Cuyler Ave., Oak Park Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Treasurer Junior Class, 1925, '26; Secretary Student Council, 1925, '26; Town Girls Association.

Evelyn Mattson, 215 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1925; Town Girls Association; Chairman Stables Dance Committee, 1926.



Mae Markkanen
Marjorie Eason

Mary Saxe
Frances Antink

Selma Huttner
Autumn Bartholomew

Dorothy Allen
Lois Wertz

Mae Markkanen, 1818 Vermillion Road, Duluth, Minn.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Mary Saxe, 2225 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, July 1926; Photograph Editor Annual, 1926; Chairman
Circus, 1926; Tribune; Fire King, 1926; Town Girls Association, 1925.

Selma Huttner, 5222 Ingleside Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Circus, 1926; Town Girls Association.

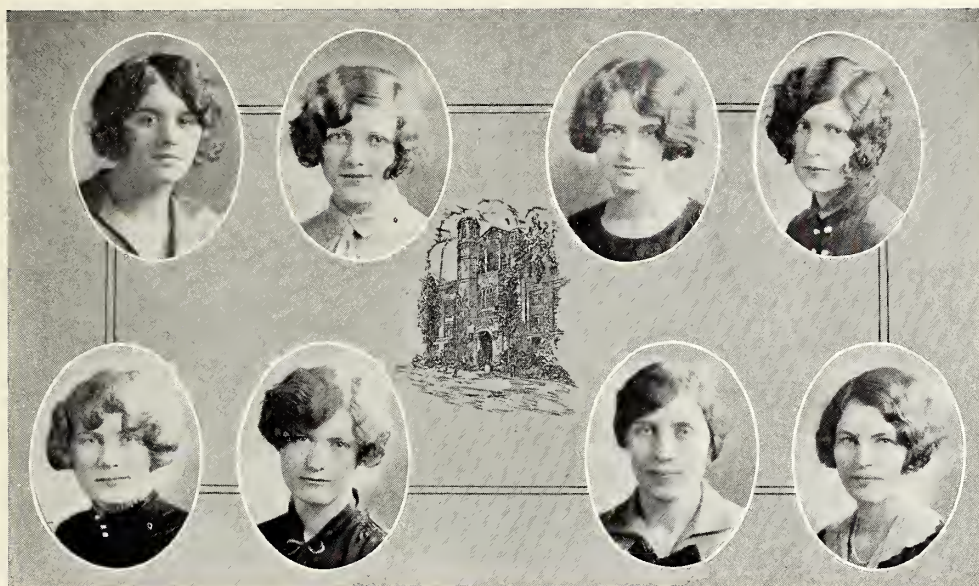
Dorothy Allen, 170 Elmwood Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Assistant Editor Chaff, 1926; Choir, 1925, '26;
Town Girls Association.

Marjorie Eason, 921 Washington St., Evanston, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, July 1926; Town Girls Association.

Frances Antink, 232 N. Elmwood Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Autumn Bartholomew, Pioneer Apt., No. 12 Franklin St., Valpraiso, Ind.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Lois Wertz, 809 S. Greenwood Ave., Kankakee, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926, Circus, 1926.



Catherine Jane Francis
Elizabeth Shoesmith

Helen Bart
Margaret Hulse

Ruth Garretson
Rosa Petry

Dorothy Berry
Arlene Fleming

Catherine Jane Francis, 1037 Riverside Drive, South Bend, Ind.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Helen Bart, 1213 Noble St., Chicago, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Ruth Garretson, 7704 Paxton Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, July 1926; Town Girls Association.

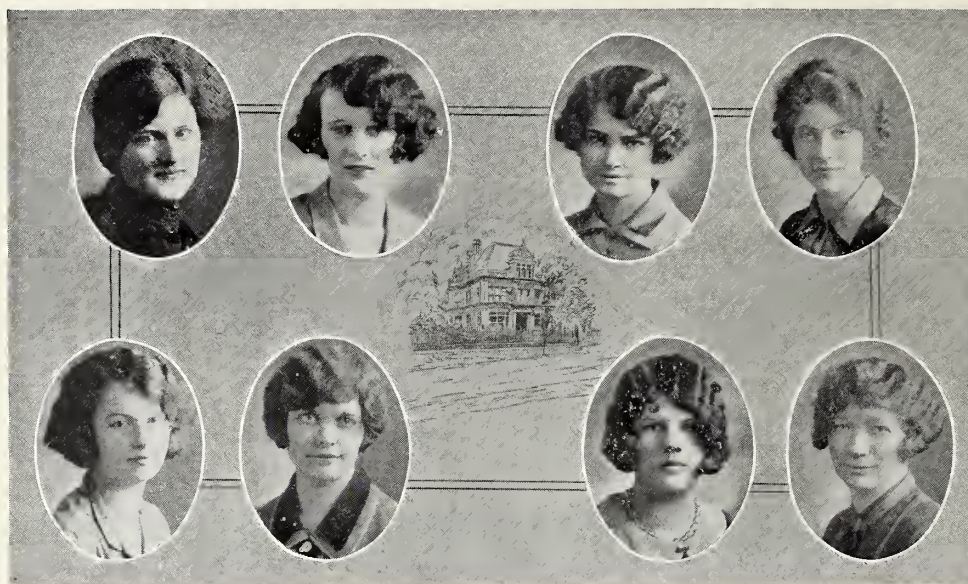
Dorothy Berry, National Military Home, Kansas.
Kindergarten Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Elizabeth Shoesmith, Lena, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Dance Committee, 1926.

Margaret Hulse, 942 County St., Waukegan, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Rosa Petry, 2515 Hartzell St., Evanston, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Arlene Fleming, 24 Mary Day Ave., Pontiac, Mich.
President Student Government, 1925; Choir, 1924, '25.



Mary Elizabeth Roark	Alice Weber	Ethel Belden	Gladys Reuther
Signe Nelson	Elizabeth Neureuther	Mary Kathryn O'Brien	Mabel Chadwick

Mary Elizabeth Roark, 121 W. Main St., Greenville, Ky.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Alice Weber, 528 Orleans St., Keokuk, Iowa.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Ethel Belden, 7202 Jeffery Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, July 1926; Town Girls Association.

Gladys Reuther, 817 West Fayette Ave., Effingham, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Signe Nelson, 1409 Seventh Ave., S., Escanaba, Mich.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Elizabeth Neureuther, 1521 Second St., Peru, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Circus, 1926.

Mary Kathryn O'Brien, 247 Masterson Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Joke Editor Annual, 1925.

Mabel Chadwick, 520 E. Euclid Ave., San Antonio, Texas.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, February 1927; Town Girls Association.



Irene Parsons
Grace Roosman

Gertrude St. Clair
Grace Finch

Harriet Steadman
Ada May Ellett

Nan Bauer
Eleanor Svaty

Irene Parsons, 4401 Broadway, Gary, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Organizations Editor Annual, 1926; Treasurer Mid-Year Class, 1925; Student Council, 1925; Circus, 1926.

Gertrude St. Clair, 605 S. Cedar St., Owatonna, Minn.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926; Circus, 1926.

Harriet Steadman, 120 S. Maple St., McPherson, Kansas.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Nan Bauer, 416 S. Harrison St., Saginaw, Mich.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Grace Roosman, 2224 Giddings St., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Literary Editor Annual, 1926; Chairman Director's Tea, 1926; Town Girls Association; Circus, 1926.

Grace Finch, 500 W. Armstrong Ave., Peoria, Ill.

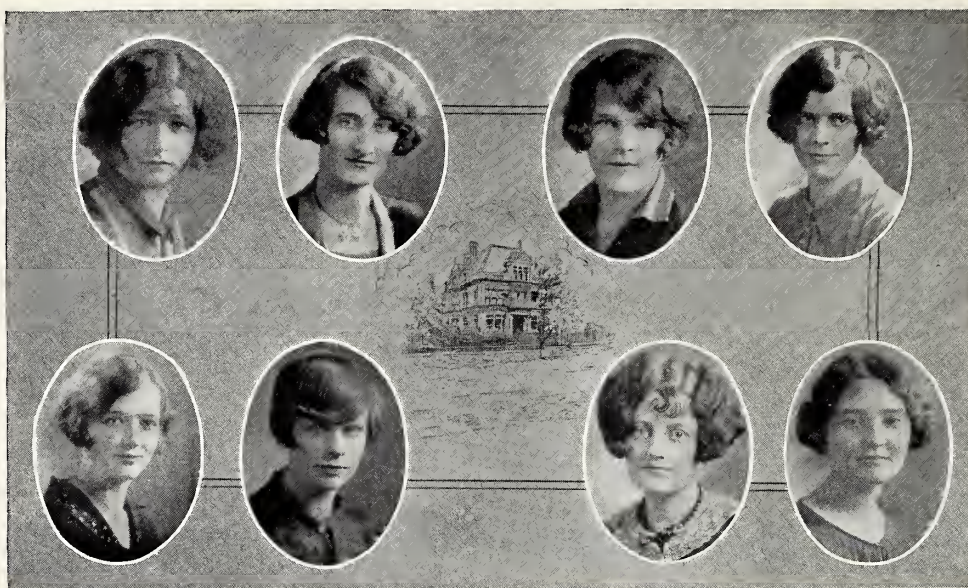
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26.

Ada May Ellett, 503 S. Third St., Watseka, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Eleanor Svaty, 315 Third E. St., Ellsworth, Kan.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.



Pearl Bobele
Agnes Hilton

Virginia Strickler
Louise Forney

Ardis Hawk
Pearl Wheeler

Dorothy Carnright
Louise Helz

Pearl Bobele, 920 W. Fifth Ave., Gary, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Ardis Hawk, Midlothian, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Dorothy Carnright, 1109 Monroe St., Evanston, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Circus, 1926; Director's Tea Committee, 1926; Dance Committee, 1925; Town Girls Association.

Agnes Hilton, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Louise Forney, 520 N. Spruce St., Abilene, Kansas.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Pearl Wheeler, 810 N. Jefferson Ave., Mason City, Iowa.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926.

Louise Helz, Arlington Heights, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.



Pauline Kirschten
Neiva Mayall

Florence Hammel
Evelyn Anderson

Miriam Bilger
Marion Blomgren

Nina Criss
Luella Rupert

Pauline Kirschten, 726 Monroe St., Evanston, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association; Circus, 1926.

Florence Hammel, 2131 Knoxville Ave., Peoria, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Treasurer Student Government, 1925, '26;
Vice-President Freshman Class, 1924, '25; Student Council, 1924, '25.

Miriam Bilger, 309 Bruce Str., Streator, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Nina Criss, 902 So. 38th St., Omaha, Neb.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26.

Neiva Mayall, 910 W. Macon St., Clinton, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Evelyn Anderson, 452 Lincoln St., Gary, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association, 1925; Circus, 1926.

Marion Blomgren, 5400 Lakewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Dance Committee, 1926; Town Girls Association.

Luella Rupert, Bloomfield, Neb.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June, 1926.



Lucile Fauquher
Dorothy Knowles

Helen Pierce
Georgia Lee Stemper

Ethel Tallman
Virginia Cohen

Gladys Huntley
Geraldine Behensky

Lucile Fauquher, R. F. D. No. 5, Evansville, Ind.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26.

Helen Pierce, 4423 N. Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1924, '25, '26; Town Girls Association.

Ethel Tallman, R. F. D. No. 2, Fostoria, Ohio.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, July 1926.

Gladys Huntley, 1730 Forest Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Secretary Town Girls Association; Choir, 1925, '26.

Dorothy Knowles, 816 Crescent Place, Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Georgia Lee Stemper, 1408 Gum St., Evansville, Ind.

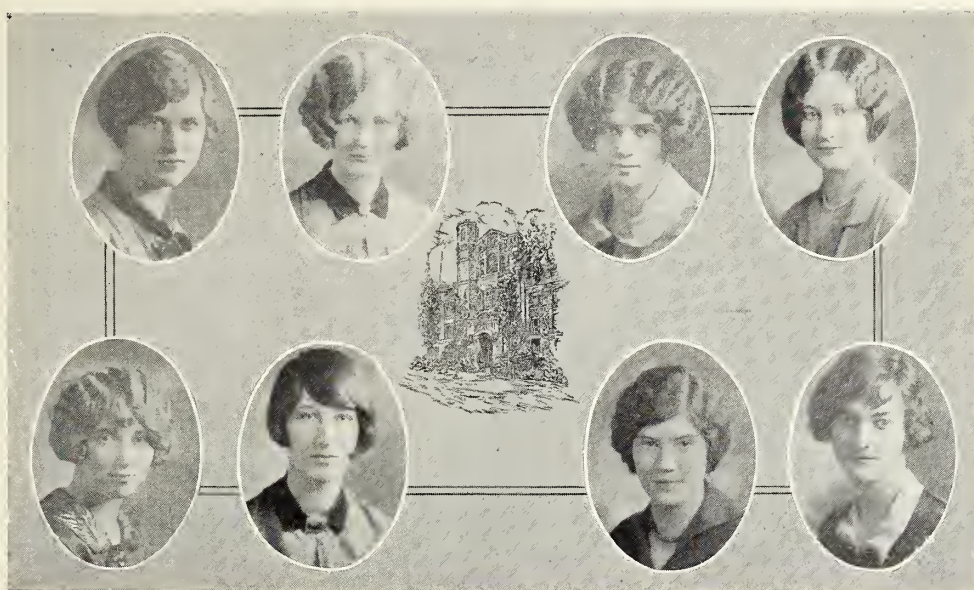
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Vice-President Junior Class, 1925, '26; Cheer Leader Junior Class, 1926; Student Council 1925, '26; President Mid-year Class, 1925; Secretary Student Government, 1926; Circus, 1926.

Virginia Cohen, Fredericktown, Missouri.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926. Art Editor Annual, 1926.

Geraldine Behensky, 627 Jackson Blvd., Oak Park, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association, Choir 1925, '26.



Adele Adam
Bessie Rumpf

Mary Anne Karcher
Lucile Molison

Caroline Toter
Beatrice Lyddon

Mary Ryburn
Geraldine Wagner

Adele Adam, Arlington Heights, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Circulation Manager, Chaff, 1926; Town Girls Association.

Mary Anne Karcher, 42 Marion Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Caroline Toter, 2321 Fullerton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Mary Ryburn, 703 N. 29th St., Billings, Mont.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, July 1926.

Bessie Rumpf, Rt. 5, Baraboo, Wis.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Lucile Molison, Malcom, Iowa.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Beatrice Lyddon, 1804 W. State St., Rockford, Ill.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Geraldine Wagner, Fredericktown, Mo.

Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.



Catherine Best
Verna Altermatt

Irene Ambre
Zeta Gunning

Lee Huckstep
Edna McConnell

Pauline Parmelee
Velda Jury

Catherine Best, 1011 Douglas St., Alexandria, Minn.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926.

Irene Ambre, Hyslop Place, Hammond, Ind.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926; Town Girls Association.

Lee Huckstep, Eolia, Mo.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Choir, 1925, '26; Town Girls Association.

Pauline Parmelee, 1325 South 36th Street, Omaha, Neb.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926; Town Girls Association, Joke Editor, Chaff 1925, '26.

Verna Altermatt, 419 W. 61st Place, Chicago, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Zeta Gunning, 951½ Edgecomb Place, Chicago, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Edna McConnell, 111 Conkey Ave., Hammond, Ind.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Town Girls Association.

Velda Jury, Washburn, Ill.
Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, June 1926; Fire King, 1926.



Freshmen



FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS

1925-1926

Clara Locke.....	President
Jane Shelly.....	Vice-President
Kathryn Reintges.....	Secretary
Myrthel Strand.....	Treasurer
Miss Laura Harper.....	Class Sponsor

MID-YEAR FRESHMEN

Somewhat bewildered by the numerous scaffolds, paint pots and other obstructions, as well as by the highly excited and happy upper classmen a new class of thirty-nine entered National's new home. We were lost just as many times as the juniors and freshmen, but felt relieved when we found the right classroom.

Some of us had been down in the college building on Michigan and knew why the old girls were so excited and overwhelmed with the joy of being away from soot, smoky air and noise. We felt right at home the first day and joined in with them to show our joy of being the first class to enroll in the new building.

We have not organized as a class, but will enter with the incoming freshmen in September, and so beware, because a double dose of pep and brightness will do—well, upper classmen, wait and see.

We love N. K. E. C. and hope you will all love us.

RIPENING OF THE "GREENINGS"

To most of the universe September 11, 1925, was perhaps just another of those common, uneventful days that merely combines itself into a week. To almost one hundred and fifty girls representing practically every portion of this same universe, however, there will never be another such day, for it was Freshman registration at N. K. E. C.

Unlike the common idea concerning Freshman classes, we new-comers were not petrified to the extent of shaking, but signed our names on innumerable cards and took our I. Q. tests in the best of jolly, friendly spirits. That night when everyone felt a sense of relief that the "First day" was over, some very kindhearted individuals sponsored a party at Avilla House in order to make us feel at home, an affair which went beyond that for it made us feel "wanted."

Not long were we to remain inconspicuous, for by upper classmen dictation we scraped and bowed, sang and danced, argued and debated on undebatable subjects, mailed laundry boxes and made beds, but never were we seen without the baby cap on our heads and the rattle in our hands. At the end of initiation week we were happy to have gained the name of "good sports" and much impressed by our formal admission into Student Government. Then we decided it was time to organize, to prove our worth, and to do our share in the school of which we were now actually a part. Accordingly, with much enthusiastic interest we unanimously elected our temporary class officers to the permanent positions of President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Social Chairman. Under the leadership of the Misses Clara Locke, Jane Shelley, Kaye Reintges, Myrtle Strand, and Jeanne Forsythe, respectively, we started out to accomplish things—of course, with the advice and assistance of our popular class sponsor, Miss Hooper.

And we are only hoping that in the eyes of others we *did* accomplish things. The originality of the class has been displayed in more ways than one. The production and sale of attractive little red books containing the names and addresses of the entire student body and faculty has proved invaluable to both the class treasury and the purchaser of the book. Desiring in some way to help in the furnishings of the new college, the Freshmen presented Miss Baker with a check to be used for a desk chair in her office. The clock in Miss Hooper's office is also a gift from the class. The Thanksgiving Festival, Song Day, and Christmas offerings for charitable institutions all had our most hearty support. The highly successful Freshman Informal dance, under the management of an able committee, was held at the Evanston Country Club on the night of April the tenth. Always ready, always willing we have tried to be.

Someone has been complimentary enough to say that ours is one of the best Freshman classes National has ever seen. If what we have done in the past merits that praise, what we are going to do in the future cannot do otherwise than give the class of '27 a good name, and unexcelled reputation, and the right to be an example to and a leader of other Freshman classes to come.



Bottom Row—Catherine Wilcox, Grace Cassell, Jeanne Forsythe, Mary Louise Stevens, Ruth Runstrom, Kathryn Moore, Mary Ankeney, Mary Burnett, Virginia Bartel, Geneva Mangrum, Alma Baur, Frances Guhn, Ada Merke.

Second Row—Leah Bruns, Sylvia Beckwell, Kathryn King, Mrs. Colmey, Lillian Tress, Mabel Moon, Mary Shoback, Mildred Cook, Elva Osborne, Thelma Gower, Mildred Tengdin, Elizabeth Reinhardt, Lois Scharf, Lorena Pollock, Ella Armin.

Third Row—Mildred Dugdale, Jean Knight, Margaret Fehd, Dorot'y Granger, Lillian Johnson, Mae Hansen, Alvera Dancier, Dorothy Heyden, Helen Brock, Helen Stoeffhas, Irma Rath, Carol Shoup, LaVerne Luney, Margaret Mitchell, Gladys Gross, Gertrude Milaszewiz.

Fourth Row—Marie Lizzardo, Gertrude Piser, Vera Hunte, Myrthel Strand, Ethel Bruns, Dorothy Johnson, Penka Kassabova, Alice Shaffer, Alice Hougén, Montine Ver Nooy, Harriet Bishop, Helen Christesen, Edith Greis, Lillian Keller.

Top Row—Elizabeth Pardee, Roberta Phillips, Helen Hubsch, Catherine Cook, Mildred Davis, Clara Locke, Alice Davis, Fredora Fish, Verna Covey, Dagny Acquist, Laura Baird, Mildred Schneberger.



Bottom Row—Donna Mowry, Naomi Roy, Alice Ling, Rose Kanter, Helen Hover, Dorothy Graves, Jeanette Phelps, Marie Polkus, Eleanor Bartlett, Lorain Andrejeski, Rosalie Buddinger, Harriet Ling, Elizabeth Peabody, Dorothea Dean.

Second Row—Mildred Kennedy, Kay Reintges, Grace Schertz, Alice Stolz, Grace Ryerson, Charlotte Doolittle, Gladys Morris, Laura Adams, Helen Bracewell, Eva Roy, Marjorie Andurski, Valborg Nyden, Marguerite Kinney, Minna Green.

Third Row—Lillian Olmsted, Frances Ash, Helen Gray, Mary Alice Kirtley, Helen Wise, Florence Weber, Alta Eshelman, Laura Meins, Mary Alice Penfield, Helen Alexander, Mary Hummel, Rowena Noe.

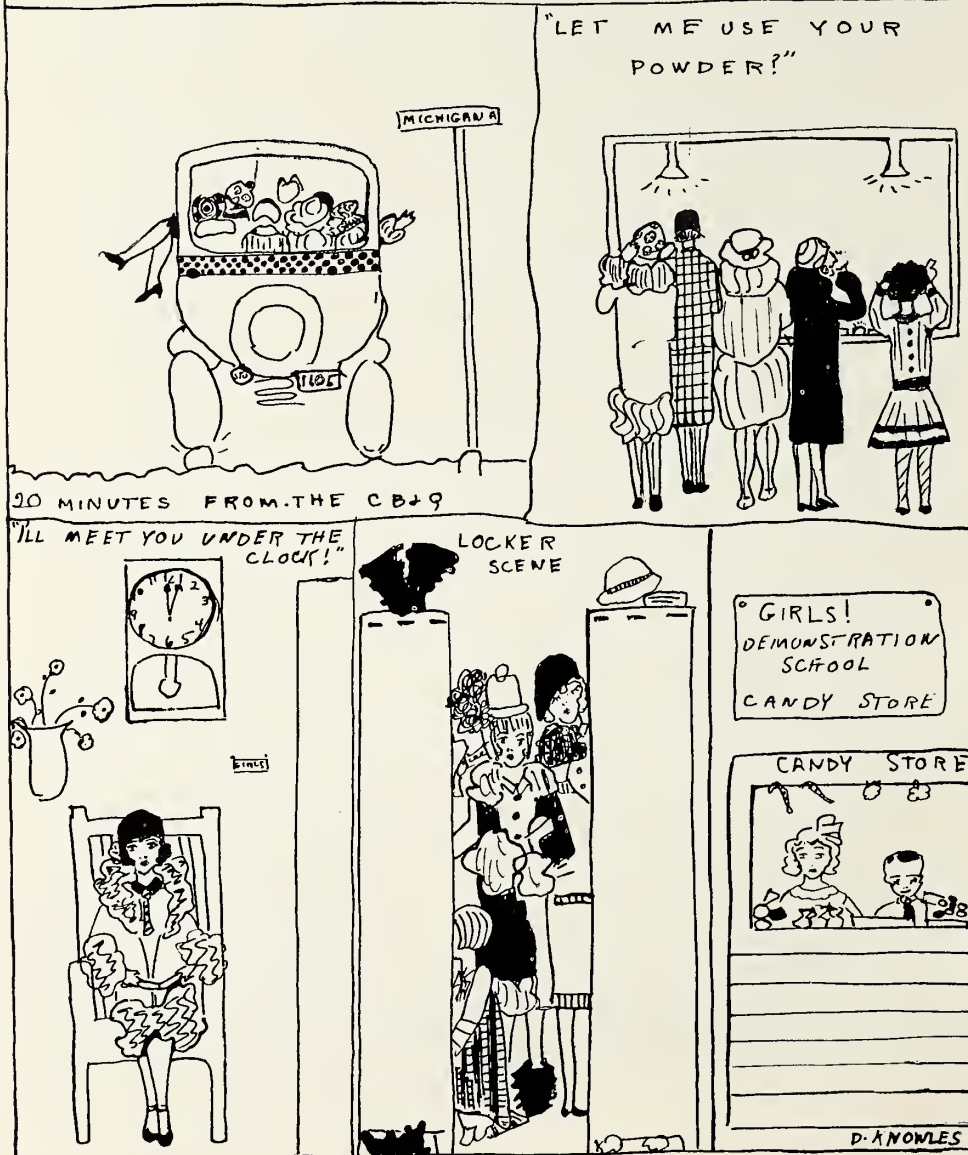
Fourth Row—Mildred Katz, Rosalind Charni, Edith Manierre, Josephine Lawrence, Marian Fish, Anne Rosen, Mary Hemb, Beatrice Clark, Mary Salerno, Marjorie Lyle, Alcinda Maggart, Dorothy Titus, Mary Catherine McDonald, Virginia Schlect, Frances Morrow, Martha Ellen Day.

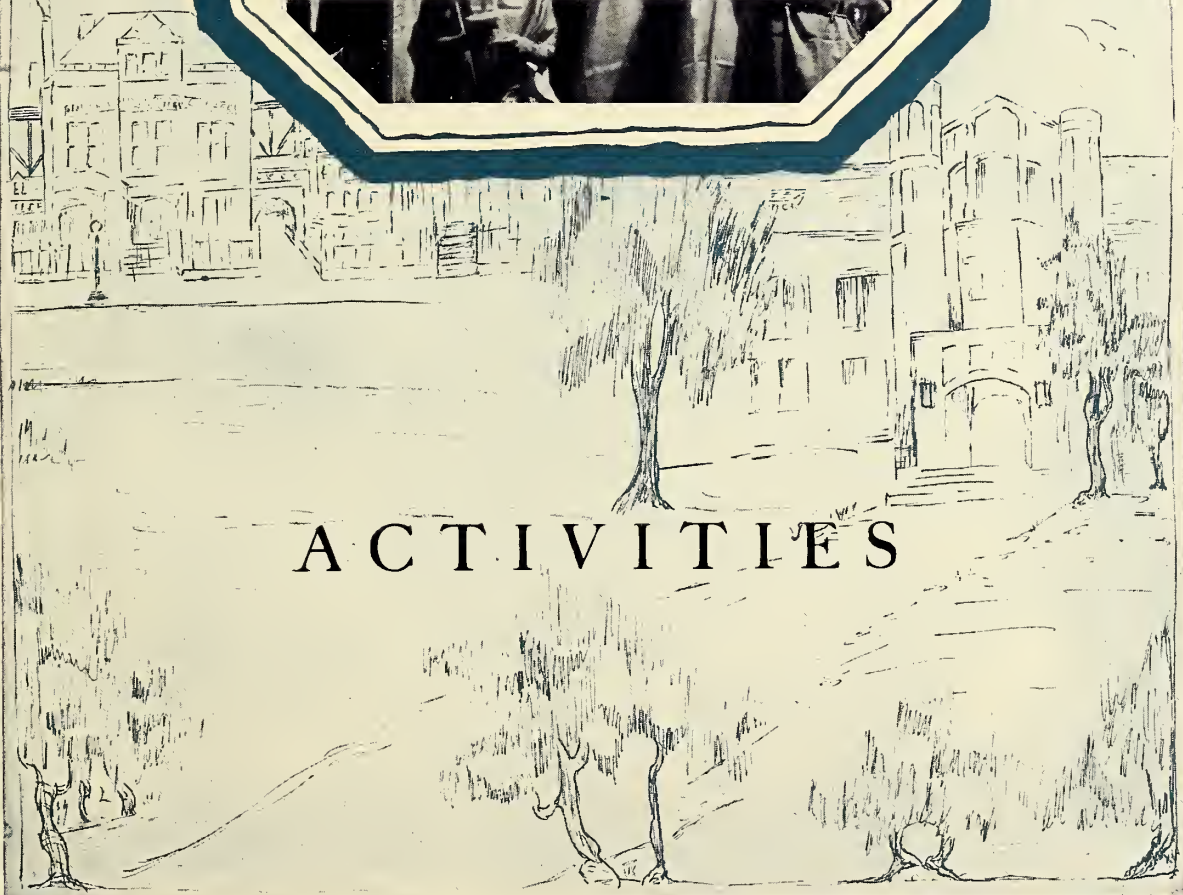
Fifth Row—Ruth Slottow, Mildred Rogers, Anne Shaw, Evelyn Larcher, Carolyn Frieberg, Edna Anderson, Elsie Anderson, Louise Irwin, Charlotte Olds, Marion Klinefelter, Corrine McCoid, Petrice Mutch, Alison Pegg, Eugenia Hill.

Sixth Row—Kirk Algeo, Jane Shelly, Evelyn Telford, Irma Keith, Virgene Hembroff, Alice Snedecker, Eleanor Wylie, Mildred Jacobson, Dorothy Livingston, Rosalie Marx, Beatrice Henderson.

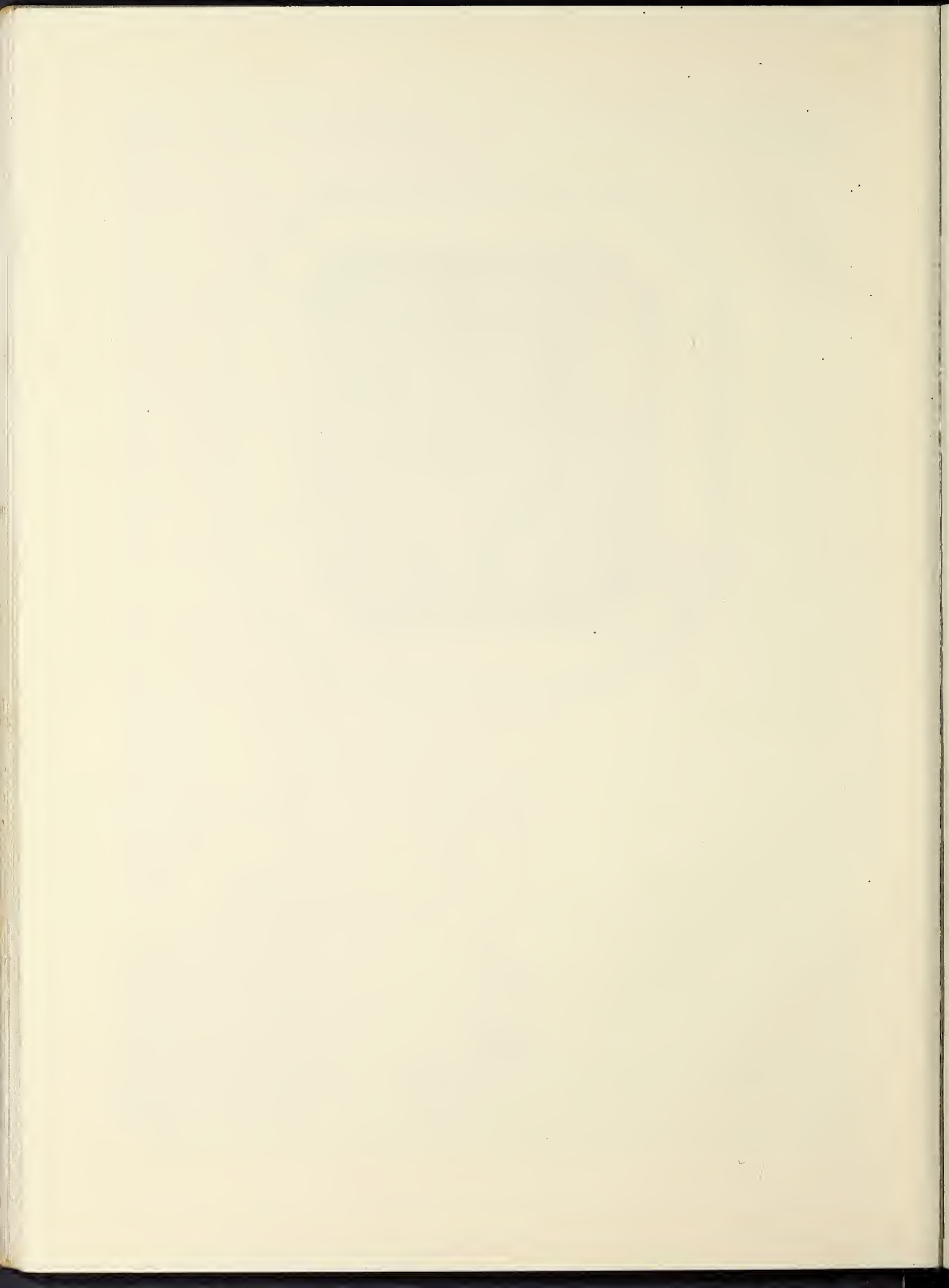
MEMORIES —

1944 MICHIGAN BLVD.





ACTIVITIES



ASSEMBLIES

Stories by Miss Hemingway.....	September 17, 1925
"Value of Travel".....	September 23, 1925
Dr. George Scherger	
"Dramatic Art in School".....	September 30, 1925
Willard S. Beatty, Asst. Supt. Public Schools, Winnetka, Ill.	
Talk.....	October 14, 1925
Dr. Joseph Sibley, 2nd Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Ill.	
College Council—Installation of Officers.....	October 21, 1925
Musical Program.....	October 28, 1925
Miss Jewel Prosser	
Armistice Program.....	November 11, 1925
Speeches on Peace and What Peace Meant, by Foreign Students, representing Poland, Bulgaria, Barbados, America.	
Thanksgiving Festival.....	November 25, 1925
Work of Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund for Child Welfare.....	December 2, 1925
Miss Mary Murphy	
"Being Ready for Work on Health Standpoint".....	December 9, 1925
Dr. Caroline Hedger	
Christmas Festival.....	December 18, 1925
"Woman's Part in Government Affairs".....	January 13, 1926
Mid-year Commencement.....	January 26, 1926
"Before The Camera"—Dr. Stephen A. Lloyd	

COMMENCEMENT

THE THIRTY-NINTH COMMENCEMENT

The thirty-ninth annual commencement, which marked the last of its kind to be held in Chicago, was celebrated in the First Presbetyrian Church.

The church with its decoration of palms and ferns giving forth the perfume of snow white peonies, the organ prelude—how deeply it stirred us! The Freshmen in their lovely white, bearing so gracefully the picturesque daisy chain, the seemingly endless lines of gray—our Juniors—and the dignified Seniors black-gowned—these all added to that never-to-be-forgotten event.

Dr. Waters, the late president of the Board of Trustees, read the invocation. A few words by the President told of the Dream of our School and how thru the loyalty and cooperation of our students and alumnae this had been realized.

The address, a dynamic and vital message by Albert W. Palmer, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church, Oak Park, dealt with "The Fine Art of Living"—to mold the raw materials of life, to visualize their possibilities, and to put forth every effort to realize this vision.

The choral music by the students under the direction of Miss Westervelt blended fittingly into the program.

Diplomas were awarded those who had successfully completed the two and three-year courses; and the Degree of Bachelor of Education to six who had completed their fourth year.

Then followed the eagerly awaited presentation of Scholarships:—

The Elizabeth Harrison Scholarship.....	Kathryn Smith
The Mrs. John N. Crouse Scholarship.....	Vera Larson
The Jean Carpenter Arnold Scholarship.....	Olive Widdowson
The Helen Grinnell Mears Scholarship.....	Edith Johnson
The Demonstration School Scholarship.....	Florence Hediger and Mildred Dittman
The Mary Juliette Cooper Normal Scholarship.....	Ruth Hardy

CONVOCATIONS

SUMMER - SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

July 31, 1925

Address.....Dean R. A. Kent

Diplomas: There were thirty-two who received diplomas. Twenty-eight received the Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, four the Supervisor's Diploma and three the degree of Bachelor of Education.

MID - YEAR COMMENCEMENT

January 27, 1926

Address.....Dr. Stephen A. Lloyd

Diplomas: There were twenty-three who received diplomas. Twenty-two received the Kindergarten-Primary Diploma, and one the Kindergarten-Elementary Diploma.

THE MYSTERY

A Pep Meeting had been called!

"But why?" was the question on the lips of every girl. "Had not one just been held?"

And so the excitement grew and grew until finally the day and hour dawned. The first song of the assembly was one of our Campaign songs "On you Boosters"—"Oh! could it then be about the new College?" The heart of every girl beat an almost audible tattoo. Shortly afterwards, in a very quiet way a certain announcement was made, "And there rose up a mighty shout that resounded from hall to hall." Thus the Mystery was solved—A loan had been made and we would move to Evanston, February 1, 1926. At once the cry became, "On to Evanston," and immediately the song "We'll have a hot time in Wilmette" was sung.

From a rather concerned assembly, the meeting became a joyous, exultant and almost boisterous one. More of our campaign songs were sung, but now with an added zeal and gust. Avilla Band came gloriously to the front with their gazoos—and the assembly does admit it tried to make more noise than those gazoos.

So early in the spring of 1925, the girls of N. K. E. C. held their first triumphal march. With Miss Baker, the Faculty, and the Band leading we marched joyously and proudly out of the "Stable," across the spacious Avilla terraces, down Michigan Boulevard to Marienthal Hall, through its arch, and hence to the Stables Campus. "On you Boosters" was sung over and over again, the excitement gaining momentum as we marched. On the Campus all class yells were heard. Juniors, Midyears, Seniors, and Freshies did their "stuff," and it was here the College became acquainted with a very peppy class known as the Freshmen. Our "Alma Mater" was sung gloriously and then following, as the last song was "There's a Long, Long Trail."

Now our dreams have come true, and each and all of the girls of N. K. E. C. echo the words of that last song—

"Thanks, Miss Baker, dear, to you—"

—Harriet Steadman.

SEQUEL TO "THE MYSTERY"

January twentieth saw the never-to-be-forgotten meeting of the faculty and student-body in the halls of old N. K. E. C. We say "never-to-be-forgotten" because at last our dreams and hopes had come true and were to be fulfilled.

"Last fall I told you that we were going to move to Evanston in February—and so we are!" The announcement was made in just that quiet way and for a space, a hushed, quiet moment, the whole hall was as quiet as eternity, and then with an outburst of joy one and all gave vent to the voicings of their inner feelings.

After a part of the "bubbling over" had subsided, further announcement were made concerning the semester vacation, which was to be prolonged due to the lack of readiness of the new building. This, too, was met with enthusiasm by all. Following this second demonstration, Seniors, Juniors, Mid-years, and Freshmen attempted to show their appreciation of what had been done for them. The Juniors and Freshmen presented Miss Baker with her desk and chair. As Miss Baker thanked us a little lump rose in our throats, and a tear dropped here and there, for we all realized after all how much more we should have done.

"Boost for N. K. E. C." was then sung, and never before had it rung so true as now. The recessional was in order of classes, some singing, some cheering, and others just naturally rejoicing.

"And amid the glad rejoicings and gay cheer
A quiet face we love so dear,
Shone with a beautiful light
Leading us on by her courage and might."

—*Harriet Steadman.*

CHAPEL

Heard within a radius of two blocks from National—

“Rah! Rah! Rah! N. K. E. C. Rah!”

Do you recognize it? What! Why, It's what used to be chapel; it's assembly, and in our own auditorium, too! Though good old Trinity Chapel was too good for anyone to desire to do anything that wouldn't be done in church, yet it was hard to have to sit on our hands when we wanted to clap and swallow hard when we wanted to cheer, or sing college songs. Now we can do all these things, cheer, clap and sing with a clear conscience, for we are having our own assemblies in our own auditorium! The auditorium is a beautiful memorial to Mrs. Jean Carpenter Arnold, a former teacher at N. K. E. C. The auditorium will hold on its floor and in the balcony, seats for eight hundred people and if necessary the stage can be used either as a stage or gymnasium. There will be flood lights equipped with dimmers to enable the finest lighting on the stage. But even though we need it we haven't a curtain for the stage! Can you picture a stage without a curtain? We can make a curtain a reality by making out checks or presenting just cash to the college.

But to think of it, our own assemblies! We hope that the assembly speakers of 1925-'26, Jane Addams of Hull House, Dr. Caroline Hedger, lecturer for the McCormick Memorial Foundation, Dr. Stephen Lloyd of the Wilmette Congregational Church, Dr. Carleton Washburne, Superintendent of the Winnetka Schools, and Mrs. J. Paul Goode, Representative in the State Legislature, may all return to speak in the new auditorium and find out what real National Spirit is in its own assembly. Besides the Assemblies with noted speakers we will probably go back to the old form of letting each class have an assembly. Then, too, we can have the peppiest of Pep Meetings. Can't you just imagine this? And isn't it wonderful? As a cartoonist would put it—“Our Greatest Ambition”—the College Assembly, N. K. E. C.'s Assembly, a dream come true.

OUR FIRST STANDING ASSEMBLY

Weeks of wondering, whispering and even guessing finally came to a happy ending for the Junior Class and its many friends on Friday afternoon, February twelfth. Although the day brought unforgettable joy to the Juniors, every class was thrilled with a friendly happy feeling of being crowded together for the first standing assembly in the new College Building, for which we have waited so patiently. The meeting was typical of this feeling of warm friendship toward the faculty, old students and new.

One feature of special joy, was the group of four young men from Northwestern, who so willingly played for our songs. These four gallant men stood erect and played while hundreds of feminine eyes were upon them. Surely this was a heroic deed.

The greatest interest to most of the girls was the rumor of the winner of the song contest of the different classes. Indeed it was hard to imagine who the winner might be, for all the songs had been so typical of National pep and spirit, but when the honor was finally conferred upon the Juniors, all felt they were deserving of hearty congratulations. The judges not deeming the honor sufficient in itself, presented the class with a baton tied with red and white ribbons. This unique honor will remain with the Junior class until another class "out songs" them.

After songs, class yells and speeches, the entire assembly led by Miss Baker and our four N. U. men, marched through the building, much to the amazement of our many workmen who stood in doors at all sides. The aim was to initiate the new College in the only fashion possible under the circumstances and give way to the surge of pep and joy that can only be experienced by students who have become a part of just such a building as we have.

No one who stood in the unfinished third floor and sang her Alma Mater with her whole heart will ever forget it. The Alma Mater then seemed to mean more than it ever had before. At last a great purpose had been accomplished!

—Irene Ambre.

PEP - SONG CONTEST

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
Farmer, grocer, fireman, cop,
But our Baker's on the top."
So the girls from Nation'l sang
While the halls echoed and rang.
For Ruth Hardy of Normal fame
Thought 'twould be a spirited game
If each class of our college fair
Would set words to an olden air.
The Seniors in their sweaters white
Marched in first, as of course was right.
Midyears in their purple caps
Thought they'd win the prize perhaps;
While Juniors with their ties of red
Were sure that they the contest led.
But the Freshmen, oh, my, my,
Surely did attract the eye.
A most collegiate Miss was she
Who led their yells so skillfully.
Then the Normals, who number'd two,
Were given a chance their stunt to do—
Their duet was very short
But they proved themselves good sports.
Then the classes, each in turn,
Were given trials the prize to earn.
All helped sing, none stood aloof
'Till we almost raised the roof,
For all thought of days ahead,
When goodbyes would need be said
To the place so dear to all—
That dear old N. K. E. C. hall.

—*Agnes Hillon.*

JUNIORS WON

"It's the good old-fashioned p-e-p.
 The pep you cannot down
 National pep—National pep,
 The peppiest school in town."
 And the p-e-p was sure all there
 When first we met in our college fair
 For, "It ain't no fairy tale, ain't no fable,
 It's a true story, we've left the stable,
 Yea National!"
 When the "powers that be" had called us all
 To meet together in the Alumni hall
 And the room was crowded to the door
 Miss Clara Belle Baker took the floor,
 And no one knew till she was done
 Just which song the contest had won.
 Each of the classes some mention earned
 But the Juniors had won the prize it was learned
 And a real baton tied with white and red
 Was given to them as long as they led
 The college in singing and pep.
 And who will forget the true inspiration
 The wonderful thrill and the new dedication
 As we stood on the unfinished floor above
 And sang our Alma Mater with rev'rence and love;
 So let's forget just which class is winning
 And let's all join together in singing—
 "Cheer for N. K. E. C.
 Great is her fame
 Our girls are fighting
 To uphold her name,
 We'll all be true and loyal.
 See her banners waving
 High above the rest,
 Red and white will prove
 N. K. E. C. is best."

—Agnes Hilton.



THE FIRE KING

The children came from far and near,
 When the student players did appear,
 The student players from N. K. C.
 Who made the children shout with glee.
 They played the "Fire King" with much zest,
 For each student player did her best.
 The girls played here, the girls played there,
 In fact they played most everywhere.
 At every place they were royally served,
 Indeed most more than they deserved.
 And oh! the money that they made
 After everything was paid,
 Would make your hair stand right on end.
 Did you see the "Fire King," my friend?
 You had a chance at Oak Park, you know.
 You missed a great play if you didn't go.
 Evanston, the South Side, and LaGrange,
 All came under the players' range.
 What was it about, you beg me tell?
 I'll try to answer your questions—well,
 A boy from his stove could not bear to part,
 For to do so would break his dear little heart.
 When his father sold it, he got inside
 And went right along on its travels wide.
 He came to a shop with curiosities rare,
 A dog and a cat, and a cunning Dutch pair,
 A clown and a soldier, also Old King Cole,
 Who called for his fiddlers, his pipe and his bowl.
 There was a darky, a Chink and some ducks, I declare;
 They all came to life and performed for fair.
 Then the king in his court with most elegant style
 Met the lords and the ladies each wearing a smile.
 People laughed, and they cried as they watched this fine play,
 Which, all said, was acted in a most charming way.
 I beg of you all, don't forget to appear,
 When another good play is given next year.

—Ruth Lesser.



THE CIRCUS

The circus came to our new school
 In early spring, one day,
 Its cast was made of faculty
 And students who could play.
 Upon the third floor it was staged
 And here the crowds did stray
 Until the show was over and
 We chased them all away.

The sideshows harbored many freaks—
 The lady, oh so tall,
 Who down upon us cast her eyes—
 (Miss Whitcomb, don't you fall!)
 And then Miss Farrar, freak of freaks,
 With legs and feet so small,
 But full grown head and arms, disguised,
 Made fun, but scared us all.

Little Boy Blue, Miss Hooper was,
 And through her horn she cried,
 "Come spend your dimes at this great show,
 It is the best you've tried."
 The charmer of snakes, and twins, Siamese,
 Drew many to their side,
 While a bareback rider with her stunts
 Was cheered for her brave ride.

Within the audience was found
 A pair quite queer to see,
 Miss Baker and her 'leven kids
 Was funny as could be.
 She fed her youngest chewing gum—
 With none could she agree!
 The Irish lady and her brogue
 Just added to our glee.

An orchestra of wondrous fame
 Gave forth its echoes rare,
 While Gypsy fortune tellers worked
 To lay the future bare.
 And so, with clowns and freaks and shows,
 And bootblack on the stair
 We laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed—
 And had a circus rare! —*Grace Roosman.*

THE DANCES

'Twas near Thanksgiving eve, you know,
 And scores of us were on the go;
 We dressed in greens and pinks galore
 To go and dance on the South Shore.
 High up on the roof garden hall
 The merry girls had planned the ball
 And at the Sisson—that gorgeous night—
 Everything went off just right.
 Our chaperons were jolly too,
 And helped us find enough to do
 Until the orchestra stopped, we danced,
 And as the evening advanced
 The music said to end the lark,
 So home—to South Side, Evanston, Oak Park.

The time soon passed and winter came
 And a Stables Dance at last won fame.
 We cleared the floors and swept the hall
 And, actually, that was not all.
 Sweet cider and some good fried cakes
 Were fed to us—but not on plates!
 The College girls were proud to show
 The last remains of Sir Stable—O!
 And through each room they slowly roamed
 Till the cider keg up and foamed.
 A circle dance and nimble feet
 Cleverly helped for many to meet
 The friends of others at the school
 Where all are friendly, as a rule.
 It was a lively, different dance
 And none of us were afraid to prance.
 And in our memory books will be
 Those gingham programs—Oh Me! Oh Me!
 —*Dorothy Allen.*

NATIONAL'S RADIO CAREER

When the radio came into vogue, it opened another field for National—that of telling kindergarten stories in such a way that all the children from all over the country, who had radios would listen to them. W. G. N. was the station from which National broadcasted at five-thirty on Monday and Saturday afternoons. Not only children, but grown-ups as well, listened in and from the reports received all seemed to have a good time and enjoyed National's entertainment very much.

Of course, many little things, aerial and terrestrial, went wrong at times, but through it all National came out on the top. Even our president, Miss Edna Dean Baker, had her ups and downs in broadcasting. One day she was to broadcasting a story over the radio. Her voice was low and clear as she spoke through the megaphone and her expression perfect. She had visions of the animated faces of her little listeners as she told her story. When almost though with it she was rudely startled by one of the men of W. G. N. who came rushing in and said,

"Miss Baker we are so sorry, but a certain lever controlling the megaphone outlet was neglected to be turned on and all your broadcasting was of no avail!"

And so Miss Baker had to begin all over again to satisfy the little ears and big ears who were tuned in on W. G. N.'s wave length. By the way, aren't ears funny things? But they are useful we'll all admit. However, that's getting away from our story and that would never do.

But to go on—many girls of National have broadcasted their songs and stories over the radio, and each tells of the funny sensation that went from the tips of her toes to the top of her head when she talked or sang to her unseen audience. They had only their imaginations to help out when they tried to visualize their listeners, but that was enough for isn't that one of National's characteristics—her wonderful imagination? The lucky girls who broadcasted from W. G. N. for National were:—Virginia Tourtelotte, Mildred Dittman, Charlotte Borges, Edith Johnson, Ruth Carlson, Gladys Huntley, Jeannette Sutliff, Georgia Lee Stemper, Mary Saxe, Mary Margaret Duffield, and Dorothy Allen.

And so National's daughters go on, "spreading the joys that they have learned from their glorious Alma Mater."

Student—"Doctor, will you give me something for my head?"

Doctor—"My girl, I wouldn't take it as a gift."

First Grade Teacher—"Why weren't you at school yesterday?"

Little Sambo—"Ah-Ah-Ah-my mother had to cook."

Teacher—"Did you have to help her cook?"

Sambo—"Ah-Ah-Ah-had to eat it."

Teacher—"Next time tell your mother to cook on Saturday."



CHAFF—NO LONGER FROM THE STABLES

We have come from the South, from the familiar, dear Stables, to the more northern parts. No longer does the swish, swish of passing traffic on Mich Boul dull our ears to the more delicate sounds around us; no fraternity houses lurk in ambush close by; the enticing sign of Everitts' Drug Store is noticeably lacking—Our surroundings are different. Yet, amid the new environment, one thing remains a constant source of titulary reminiscence: we still have Chaff, without the Stables.

Noble professors, studious youths, even some practical minded college maidens have asked in dubious tones, "How can that be?" These people are the prosaics, the unimaginatives who worry themselves to death over delightful discrepancies, preferring, instead, their absurd realities. There are two ways of dealing with this class.

First: Answer the question with your most disarming smile, "Why, it blew out here, of course," and laugh merrily. The Prosaic will generally see his mistake at once, and join in the burst of mirth which has greeted your sally. The second way, is we confess a bit abrupt; one might even say rude. But one must maintain his position, even at the risk of being boorish. When asked the foolish question, do not answer. Remain standing in a rigid yet dignified manner, looking thru and thru (not *at*) the questioner until he becomes purple and apologetic. Then, in a gracious manner, walk quickly away, remembering to come down on the heels first.

But, seriously (because this is supposed to be enlightening) Chaff is the product of the Junior Class of the National Kindergarten and Elementary College. Begun in 1924, and published for the first time in February, the paper has become a permanent publication, appearing six times during the school year. It endeavors to spread in a frank, interesting, non-partisan way all the news, scandal and wise cracks of the student body.

Its staff is composed of the editor, first and second assistant editors, business manager, circulation manager, and joke editor. Reporters cover certain terri-

tories in their write-ups, and gifted individuals are (thank fortune) inspired at infrequent but joyous intervals to contribute cullings from their fertile brain. Famous sayings, opinions on timely questions, class-room jokes, social events, teas, dances, parties, personals, references, chapels, vespers, organizations—these are some of the things that make Chaff. The painless method of extracting from each student's case money the sum of fifty cents insures regular publications and meets expenses.

Oh, it's a great life being on Ye Staff! Engagements, rumor of Straight A Students flunking, word of Miss Kearns having a leisure minute, the approaching dance, past, present, or likely-to-be dates and crushes—All these things hint of news to our news noses. And do we work! But then, it's all Chaff to us.

—Virginia Tourtelotte.

“THE NATIONAL”—OUR ANNUAL

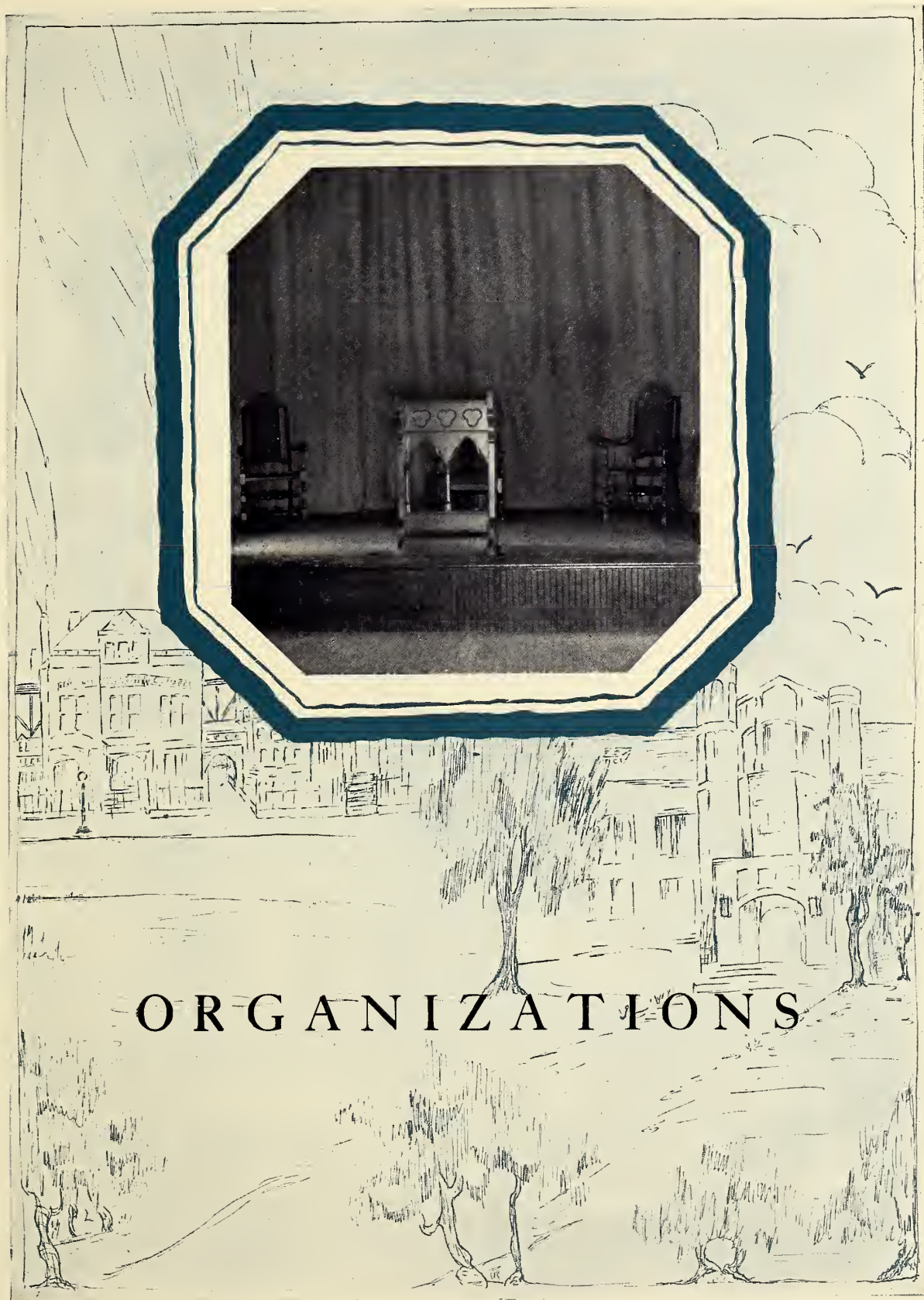
Moving into larger, greater, more pretentious quarters
Spurred us upward, onward in all branches of our school.
Thus we find the annual has larger grown and prospered,
And it strove to keep up with this tried and worthwhile rule.

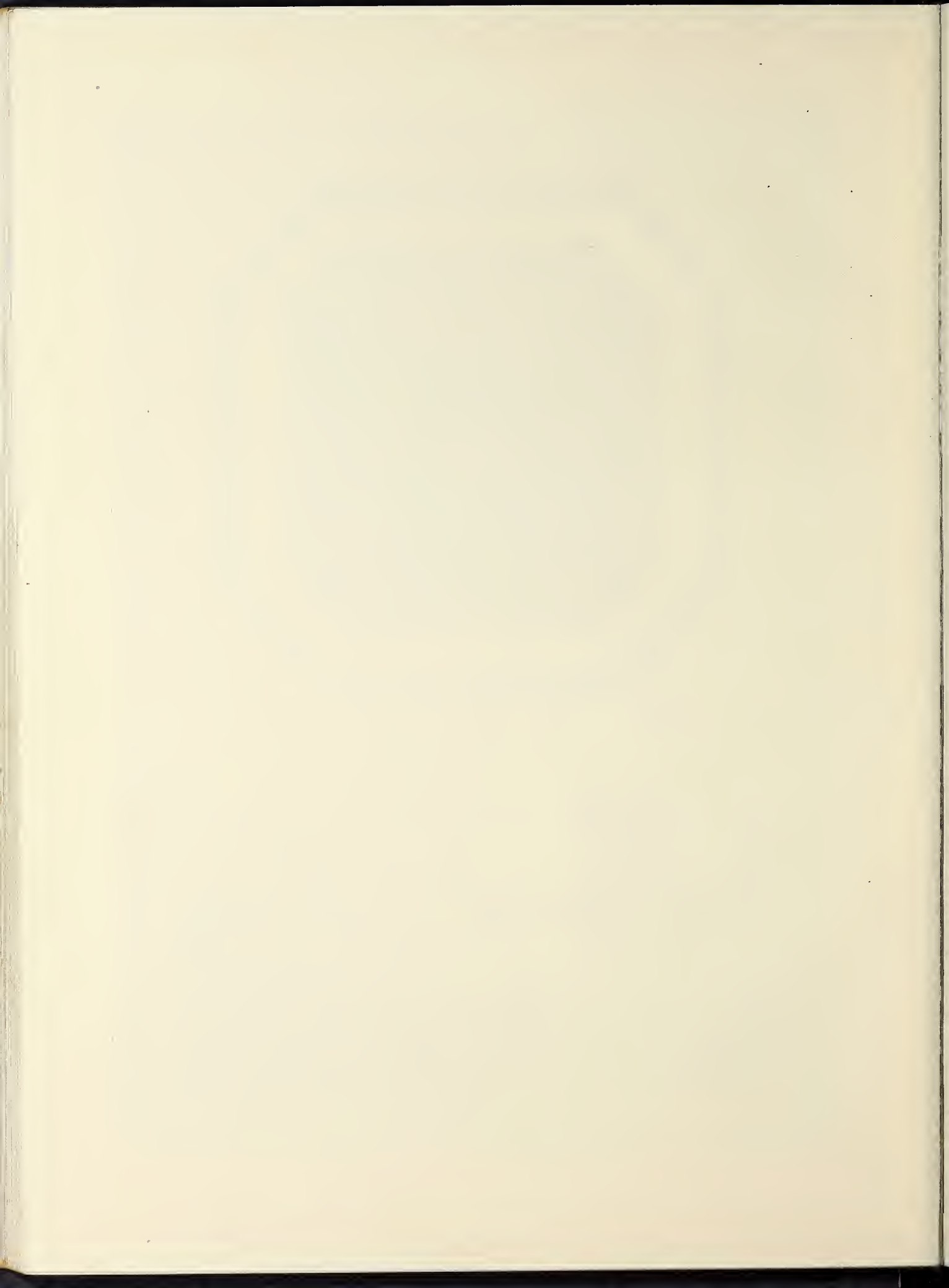
Ruth, our jolly editor-in-chief, has guided forward,
Leading to a vision clear and worthy to attain,
And our faithful faculty, Miss Baker, Kearns, and Whitcomb,
Time and labor oft have squandered for our year-book's gain.

To produce this volume all the staff has worked together,
Yes, there's Swanson, Duffield, Parsons, Roosman, Cohen, Saxe,
And the freshmen, Ryerson and Kennedy, who all have
Singly, and together turned out work by stacks and stacks.

We have added some new feature in most ev'ry section,
And we've christened this, our year-book, with the name we love.
Yet, though we have worked and worked and worked, it could be better;
So we hope that next year's class will reach a mark above.









COLLEGE COUNCIL

Our old familiar *Student Council* is no more! But in its place we have the *College Council*—the same organization—just a new name. Originated in 1915 at the suggestion of Miss Jessie Winter, a strong and enthusiastic member of the Senior Class, the Council has grown each year in strength and influence, so that at the present time with its large and representative membership of both faculty and students, it has earned the title of *College Council*.

The purpose of the Council is to discuss matters pertaining to the welfare of the College. It brings faculty and students together, creating a feeling of mutual helpfulness and cooperation. The meetings themselves are an inspiration and in talking over their own plans and problems, the girls gain an enthusiasm and interest which has done much to create the true National spirit. Its notions are not arbitrarily carried out, but are made in the form of recommendations and then referred to the student body for approval or rejection.

A new plan to be carried out this year was the monthly College Council Assembly, at which time all matters pertaining to the College would be presented to the student body for their consideration. At the first Council Assembly the members of Council were formally introduced to the students and in an impressive ceremony the officers were inaugurated.

In connection with the November 10th meeting, the members sat down to a very mysterious birthday dinner—mysterious because no one seemed to know whose birthday it was. After a great deal of guessing on the part of everyone, and considerable hinting and helping on the part of Mrs. Kimball, it was finally discovered that the party was in celebration of the tenth birthday of Council. Toasts were then in order and the party came to a glorious end in the expression of many wishes for the continued success and long life of Council in the life of the College.

As usual, Council this year again sponsored the beautiful Thanksgiving and Christmas festivals, which have been a part of the College traditions for many years past. At Thanksgiving time the girls brought their offerings of canned goods, fruits and vegetables, which were given this year to the Mary Crane Nursery, which is a project of National and a most worthy cause.

Then at Christmas time, the usual beautiful and impressive service was

carried out, the girls bringing their gifts of toys to be distributed to the various missions in the city. A new feature was introduced this year—that of a Gift Shop conducted by Council. Toys were bought at wholesale prices and sold to the girls without profit, thus making it more convenient for the girls themselves and making it possible for them to give more durable toys than would have otherwise been possible.

Appreciating the fact that there has always been a scarcity of college songs, Council devised a plan to supply this need, arranging for a contest between the different classes and organizations to bring out the best available songs. The assembly period of December ninth was set aside as a Song Assembly, each class presenting its group of songs. A committee was appointed to act as judges and the Junior Class is now the proud possessor of the engraved baton awarded as a prize for the best song. The enthusiasm and success manifested in the contest no doubt is an indication that the Council has set a precedent which will be followed for many years to come.

At its first meeting in Miss Baker's new office, the Council members had a little insight into the treat in store for them in helping to plan the larger activities in connection with its new surroundings.

Now that our new College home is a reality, Council will have a double challenge, that in keeping with the ideals of the past it may strive on to greater things in the future. And with the growth of the College, so may Council grow from year to year upholding the ideals and traditions of our glorious Alma Mater.

The membership of College Council consists of—

OFFICERS

Kathryn Smith (Senior).....	President
Ruth Hardy (Normal).....	Vice-President
Alma Prange (Junior).....	Secretary
Jane Shelley (Freshman).....	Treasurer

Faculty Members

Miss Baker.....	President of the College
Mrs. Kimball.....	Social Director
Miss Whitcomb.....	Publicity Secretary and Junior Mid-year Sponsor
Miss Lanphier.....	Senior Sponsor
Miss Adams.....	Junior Sponsor
Miss Hooper.....	Freshman Sponsor
Mrs. Kahl.....	Student Government Sponsor

Seniors

Elizabeth Storer
Mildred Dittman
Olive Widdowson
Doris Leaman
Frances Swanson

Juniors

Anne Myers
Mona Rancecroft
Helen Dean
Winifred Wilson
Georgia Lee Stemper
Marion Armstrong
Ruth Carlson
Virginia Tourtelotte
Emmy Lou Geppinger
Arlene Fleming

Freshmen

Clara Locke
Kathryn Reintges
Myrthel Strand



STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

The Student Government Association is what the name implies—student government and participation in all matters concerning the girls living in the dormitories. The officers of the Association are:

Arlene Fleming.....	President
Ruth Hillis.....	Vice-President
Georgia Lee Stemper.....	Secretary
Doris Leaman.....	Treasurer
Florence Hammel.....	Tribune of 2A
Clara Tutt.....	Tribune of 2B
Kathryn Smith.....	Tribune of 3A
Mary Frances Owen.....	Tribune of 3B
Mrs. Stella Kahl.....	Faculty Advisor

The initiation and probation of all the new girls was the first event of the year. The Freshmen proved to be fine sports in their willingness to do everything that was asked of them by the upper classmen. They were given various things to do, such as wearing baby bonnets and carrying rattles and bricks. After the stated time of probation was over the girls were formally initiated and became full-fledged members of the Student Government Association.

The next important event was the Christmas party in Avilla House, held after Christmas dinner in Main and Thomas dining rooms. The guests were greeted by the Christmas tree and Santa Claus. There was a present for everyone and all voted it a lovely party.

A tea was held in Peabody for the graduating Mid-years. Music and entertainment was furnished by the girls.

The school moved from Chicago to Evanston in February. At the beginning of second semester the Secretary and Treasurer, Betty Storer and Mary Stoddard, did not return, so it was necessary to elect two girls to fill these offices. The President returned to school, but was unable to stay because of illness and the Vice-President took her place for the remainder of the year.

The mid-year girls entering in February were initiated and given a hearty

welcome, even though they said their probation week was the severest of any ever held.

Election was held in April to elect Student Government Officers for next year who are as follows:

Mary Margaret Duffield.....	President
Luella Rupert.....	Vice-President
Virginia Bartel.....	Secretary
Lucille Mollison.....	Treasurer

Mrs. Kahl, our advisor gave a luncheon in the Narcissus Room at Field's for Miss Baker and the old and new officers of Student Government.

The girls all live up to the ideals for which Student Government stands and it is their interest and cooperation that makes such government function in our College.

THE DIRECTORS' TEA

"The Junior Class of the National Kindergarten and Elementary College request the pleasure of your company at tea, Saturday, January Ninth, at four o'clock"—thus read the invitations which had been sent out to one hundred and fifty directors.

The long planned for day had now arrived, and Avilla House, which was to be the scene of this social function was decked in its best. Great bowls and baskets of flowers stood all about and a cheery, crackling, hearth fire was waiting to welcome in the coming guests from the dull, gray day without. All was in readiness, the dainty serving tables were weighted down with their appetizing array of dainties, and the water in the large silver urns steamed impatiently. Would they never come?

Ah! The tinkle of the door-bell!

Our guests had begun to arrive and they continued to stream in, to be met by Winifred Wilson, president of the Junior Class, and Miss Adams, Junior Class sponsor, at the head of the receiving line. Then, the Juniors, who were present in large numbers, found their own directors, the directors found their own Juniors and oh, what a jolly social time ensued!

Tea, for the time being, forgotten, was soon recalled, and Miss Williams, who so sweetly poured at one table and Mrs. Clarke, who presided most graciously at the other, were kept more than busy at their task. When all was over, and the large, spacious rooms of Avilla began to be visible again, the Juniors departed smiling, for this tea, for which they alone were responsible, had been a success. (But right here I would like to whisper a secret to you. The Juniors were the sponsors of this tea, but if it hadn't been for the kind and efficient advice and aid received from Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Clarke, who were ever ready to offer their assistance, goodness only knows where the Juniors would have landed with their tea. But don't breathe that to a soul!)

The Junior Directors' Tea had been a great success!



CHOIR

"Oh, wasn't it beautiful!"

"I've never enjoyed anything so much in all my life!"

"Why, I think that was wonderful!"

These were only a few of the many expressions heard at the Orrington Hotel when the choir girls sang at the banquet of the Governing Board of N. K. E. C. The program consisted of "In a Boat" by Grieg, "Summer Suns" by Rubenstein and "In a Cradle," an Irish folk song arranged by Moffett. As there are many talented girls in the school several solos were sung. Grace Ryerson sang Schubert's "Serenade" and Jeanette Sutliff sang "The Wood Pigeon" by Leeman.

The choir consists of sixty girls picked from the school because of their musical talent. They lead the singing in Chapel and take the leading part in the festivals. In the Thanksgiving Festival, the choir girls led the procession of girls carrying their offerings for the children of Mary Crane Nursery. And at Christmas time, it is a beautiful sight to see the girls dressed in gray robes and carrying the candles of light, coming down the aisle singing Christmas carols.



TOWN GIRLS ASSOCIATION

Frances Swanson.....	President
Ruth Carlson.....	Vice-President
Gladys Huntley.....	Secretary
Ethel Bruns.....	Treasurer
Mrs. Kimball.....	Sponsor

This is station T. G. A.—Evanston! Good morning everybody—and How Do You Do! In case you don't know T. G. A.—it is the peppiest club up at N. K. E. C. Oh! yes it's "up" now you know—we've moved! We're all suburbanites and I think proud of the fact. Nevertheless we did have good times down in the Stables. Do you remember the "blanket movement?" This was an aid to raise money for our new school. Each girl who contributed fifty cents had her name embroidered in a square of the blanket. This when completed was presented to Miss Baker. You'll have to admit that was clever. Of course, it was "Oak Park Stuff."

The big event of the year occurred on January twenty-ninth. We called it the Farewell Stables Dance. The idea was suggested by Evelyn Mattson, who became chairman. Her committee consisted of the following six members: Dorothy Allen, Evelyn Anderson, Vivian Needham, Marion Blomgren, Elinor Cobiskey and Margaret Walker. It was certainly a success—shaded lights, cider and doughnuts—peppy orchestra and most of all a happy crowd who were full of fun! Our purpose aside from its "get together" was to raise money for our new building. That night was the last time we were down at old 29th street.

Now that we are in Evanston, we have lost some girls and gained others in our association.

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The spirit of fellowship and service which permeates the student body of the National Kindergarten and Elementary College lives on in the lives of its Alumnae. The Alumnae Association, founded in 1893, seeks to give evidence of this spirit and of the fact that those ideals and attitudes toward life gained within the College halls are realized in a larger sense in the community, school and home.

The new building in Evanston in a large part, is a testimonial to the efforts of the Alumnae to promote the interests of the College in its work for the betterment of childhood. Their faith in the Administration and their efforts to raise funds have made possible a larger school and a greater opportunity. The Eva Long Memorial Room dedicated to the memory of one of their most beautiful members is open to all Alumnae who come back to renew old acquaintances and to get a glimpse of what the future National will be.

To you who are going out from your Alma Mater this spring, the Association extends a cordial invitation to become a member and through this privilege of membership to carry the inspiration you have gained into a larger field of service.

OFFICERS 1925-1926

President—Emily Jenkins Lloyd, 2026 Colfax Street, Evanston, Illinois.

Vice-President—Jean Forsythe, 6552 University Avenue, Chicago.

Recording Secretary—Violet Rush, Library Plaza Hotel, Evanston.

Corresponding Secretary—Marjorie Sheffield, 429 South Kensington Avenue, LaGrange, Ill.

Treasurer—Mrs. Joseph J. Risch, 5403 Harper Avenue, Chicago.

Organization Chairman—Laura Hooper, 1122 Grant Street, Evanston.

Membership Chairman—Catherine Cretcher, 429 S. Kensington Ave., LaGrange, Illinois.

Publicity Chairman—May Whitcomb, 1634 Chicago Avenue, Evanston.

BRANCH CHAPTERS

EVANSTON

President—Mrs. Harry Phillips, 1100 Grove Street, Evanston.
Treasurer—Mrs. Robert Jarvie, 1958 Sheridan Road, Evanston.

CHICAGO SOUTH-SIDE

President—Jean Forsythe, 6552 University Avenue, Chicago.
Treasurer—Mathilda Mottz, 5647 Dorchester, Chicago.

OAK PARK

President—Mrs. A. H. Parmelee, 320 Franklin Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Treasurer—Mrs. Clayton Clark, 30 Washington Blvd., Oak Park, Ill.

CALIFORNIA

President—Mrs. Charles W. Evans, 116 South Catalina St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Treasurer—Clarissa Bacon, 1050D Fourth St., Santa Monica, California.

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL

President—Mrs. J. D. Collinson, 3954 Aldrich Ave., S. Minneapolis,
Minnesota.
Treasurer—Nina Whitman, 934 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

OMAHA

President—Dorothy Weller, 105 South 55th St., Omaha, Nebraska.
Treasurer—Doris Berry, 3820 S. 26th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

President—Helen Lapp, 1408 South Second Street, Evansville, Indiana.
Treasurer—Martha Keeney, 1226 South First St., Evansville, Indiana.

Alumnae groups in Gary, Indiana, and in La Grange, Riverside, Hinsdale, Downers Grove and Berwyn have been very active though they have not organized as chapters.

NATIONAL ATHLETICS

Come on Girls—let's go! That is the way National goes into athletics, and in order to enter into them there must be a lot of pep. National has never, as yet, been accused of lacking pep and she glories in her opportunities of expressing it. The spirit of fun was ever one of her many characteristics. Her girls have had many chances to uphold her standards since it was planned to establish her in new surroundings. Pep meetings and assemblies have instigated the march forward and many a time the old "Stables" resounded with lusty cheers. Even the faculty entered in proving what true sports they are.

In her old home, National did not have equipment with which to supply her girls, but she did not let this stop her; instead she went to places near the college to obtain outlets for her overflow of pep, and assisted by Miss Mount, she found 'em! And so we went to the Y. W. C. A. on Monroe Street in Chicago for swimming and many a happy hour was spent by us girls in this mermaid sport.

But the College offered various ways to let out "pep" and some suited one, some suited another. Thus when swimming was vetoed by a certain group of girls, Mother National looked elsewhere to keep her children in good spirits—and horseback riding was added to the list of athletics. Outside of a few weary bones a good time was had by all those who signed up for it, and many interesting experiences can be related by its followers.

Tennis was provided for by the number of parks easily reached thru the efficient transportation of the city. As for hiking, the Sand Dunes always were a last means.

In moving out to her new home, Mother National has settled herself into a much better locality as far as opportunities for building up her athletics are concerned. Out-of-door sports will certainly develop in the rural surroundings of National's new abode. A golf course is very near to her dormitory and often her girls who are so inclined can occupy their spare hours, in balmy weather, by playing a round of golf.

As each new sport appears, National meets with the situation and tries to make provisions and so—

"Come on girls—let's go—here's to National's pep!"



COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE''

So said we all, didn't we, Freshmen? Along about the second week in our first semester, began our weekly fun, swimming—On Tuesday afternoons, any where from 12:30 on, you could see girls in groups, some short and fat, others tall and thin, starting out for the "Y". Upon arriving, we could hardly wait for our turn to jump in. When our turn finally came, there we were splashing around for all the world like mermaids. The only difference between mermaids and us, was that they could *swim* and we couldn't. Our accomplishments consisted largely of a few strokes from each style, and one or two simple stunts. The shallow end was awfully popular for at least four or five weeks; then we were forced into the deep end by that terrible of terribles—*diving*. Such expressions as "landing flat," "awful flop," "scared to death" came into wide use, and in the language of the slangy, had a perfect "whirl." There were "racing dives," "running dives," "standing dives;" some with a spring and some without, but no matter what the dive, some of us always went in the same, and ended the same way—flat! However we knew there was to be a meet at the end of the nine weeks, And our secret ambition was to show the world at large that we weren't quite as green as our name suggested—Freshmen rah!

On our last Tuesday there was a meet, and what a meet it was. There was keen competition between the girls on Elizabeth Pardee's team and Edith Manierre's. There were races for all grade swimmers—beginners, intermediates and advanced. The various races for speed were exciting, but the races, or rather stunts, for variety were even more exciting. The two I remember as being most interesting were—the Umbrella race, and the relay swimming in clothes. The persons putting on wet clothing were just out of luck, that's all.

Not only was Edith Manierre's team very happy in winning the meet, but also in receiving the wonderful silver trophy cup which is theirs until some other team wins it from them.

GIDDY - A P

The approach of winter was very evident, when the horseback riding class was first formed, on the memorable day in November.

That day will always be remembered, because it was marked by a very exciting episode. Arkansas thought he was giving his mistress a treat by trotting briskly over the bridge, but his mistress did not regard it as a treat, when she found herself seated in the middle of the bridle-path, in a very crestfallen state.

Paul Revere of 1925 was discovered, when a very enthusiastic young lady, in a very upright position pushed her horse onward, and clamored for first place.

On the day following horse-back riding Miss Mount's folk dancing class seemed to be diminished for there appeared to be many cripples. "Ouch!" "Oh dear!" "I can't move a muscle." "I am so stiff." Such were the various exclamations.

Regardless of the severe cold and snowstorms which prevailed at times the horse-back riding class could well boast of a large attendance.

An acknowledgement should be made both to our very dear chaperone, Miss Peterson, and also to our riding instructor, who I am sure had a great deal of serenity, as he repeated over and over again, "Everybody ready, let's go," and after going a few yards, a call would issue forth from the rear, "Whoa! Wait a minute, Frank."

Last but not least and very dear in our hearts, will remain the pleasant memories of our four-footed acquaintances: Monty, Chap, Golden Glow, Comfort, Trinket, Roxy, Rocket and Ebony.

MOVING TO EVANSTON—WAS ALL ATHLETICS COMBINED

"It ain't no fairy tale,
It ain't no fable,
It's a true story—
We're leaving the stable."

With this verse running madly through our minds, we hurried home from the college and began to prepare our share of the moving. Trunks were being rushed by housemen to every room in the dormitory, and maids were dodging the many flying boxes which were being hurled hither and thither. Down on the first floor housemothers were busily engrossed in packing china and precious heirlooms; that is, when they weren't giving directions to expressmen, signing for Laundry boxes, and answering the incessant ring of the telephone.

Every girl for herself!!! Each scrambled to her room and madly threw open the door which revealed a lonely little trunk to be filled with feminine necessities from five bulging drawers and a crammed closet. Looking around—behold! Stacks of books and magazines formed a tower of external knowledge on the table, making the owner realize that they would occupy no less space in the trunk. After emptying the contents of the drawers upon the floor wrinkles of worried perplexity appeared upon the owner's countenance and she went through the Hamlet-like mental soliloquy "To keep or not to keep. That is the question." With outstretched hands she stoops to conquer and the miracle begins—Her right hand brings forth a notebook full of Job and Goethe, while her left hand tightly clenches a ribbon-tied bundle of sentiment and love. Both are classics in themselves but which to keep? Well, it is the space that counts, and as you know, letters are *so easily* tucked away into a tiny corner. Other such great problems presented themselves for decision before this jury of one, long after the rest of the world had laid its cares aside. Morning light revealed the results of the labors of the previous night. Coverless cots! Deserted drawers! Clothesless closets! A solitary ink bottle kept sentinel over the trunk which proudly bore the label—

Miss Sally Smith
2532 Asbury Avenue,
Evanston, Illinois

Our sigh of relief when we bade our trunks good-bye had been only temporary for we found upon reaching our new Evanston home that this little trunk still presented a problem. Where to put its contents? No dressers! No chairs! No beds! No desks! But that problem was only one of the many which had to be confronted by the N. K. E. C. pioneers for the empty water pipes, cold radiators and drafty corridors were of equal inconvenience.

Probably the workmen who were still busily occupied in the completion of Marienthal Hall were inconvenienced accordingly when they found their nail kegs overturned, beheld feminine hand prints upon freshly varnished banisters, and witnessed the transformation of their clapboards into hobby-horses.

But the workmen, of course, couldn't appreciate the fact that the excitement and enthusiasm were due to the happiness of our new home, nor were they lucky enough to be working in the dormitory that first night when two hundred loyal N. K. E. C. girls sang proudly,

"It ain't no fairy tale,
It ain't no pun,
We're in our home
At Evanston!"

—Georgia Lee Stemper.

A "GOOD TIME" IN BULGARIA

If one wants to talk about Bulgaria one must distinguish between city and village life. The city life is so much like European life including amusements, and as seventy-five per cent of our people are villagers we must take the peasant's "good time" as typical of Bulgaria. Instead of having a good time playing tennis, golf or football, swimming or going for a picnic, a Bulgarian villager thinks he is merely losing time. Of course, dancing in couples is the most devilish amusement for a Bulgarian peasant and even in some little mountain villages they put a handkerchief between boys and girls hands when they dance our Bulgarian dances in circle.

They don't have automobiles, they don't have theatres, opera, movies, radios, lectures, they don't get delighted from the Fifth Beethoven Sonata, nor from the wonderful Raphael's or Rembrandt's pictures and Mr. Shakespeare's "Hamlet" doesn't mean anything to them, or in other words the twentieth century amusements have no significance to the Bulgarian peasant.

But still they have their "good time" and maybe more than any citizen because they are spontaneous and nobody is a leader, but everybody is acting. During the daytime they are all (man and woman) working out in the fields, singing and talking and joking. At the evening time when the work is over the girls go for water to the fountain (which is in the middle of the village or outside) where the boys are waiting to see their sweethearts.

Sundays and holidays are the best days for a good time. Early in the afternoon boys and girls dress in their nice, new costumes and go to the village public square (very often near to the church) or out of the village to a nice meadow where the bag pipe player comes and plays for them and they dance until it is dark. Between the dances they sing (and they know how to sing with all their voice) or compose new songs in which everybody takes a part.

In fall the girls from the village gather in the widest street as soon as it is dark and make in the middle of the street a big fire and sit around it, some of them spinning, others crocheting. At first they work and talk until suddenly one will begin to sing and the rest will follow her. The boys begin to come and the atmosphere suddenly changes; the songs begin to be more and more expressive and the jokes more and more funny. Very often the girls will sing one verse and often then the boys will repeat it, or some one who can sing nicely will sing for them, or someone who can play Kobol (pipe) will play for them. These street parties continue sometime until the first rooster sings. Some boys go miles and miles on horseback to other villages only to be present to these parties. Another peasant amusement at this time is helping with the corn; while they are doing it the best stories and the best jokes are told.

During the winter they have other kinds of parties. Some girl invites all the girls from the village to go and help her with her trousseau (every Bulgarian girl must have a nice trousseau before she marries) and at these parties they have as much fun as is possible.

On special days like Christmas, New Year, Easter, and First of May, they have special sorts of amusements which are absolutely national customs. Doing embroideries and growing flowers are the very best Bulgarian enjoyment. Families with girls and without gardens is something very unusual. These last two are typical amusements for city girls, too.

For ten years sports have been very popular in cities. Seventy-five per cent of Bulgarian citizen youth belongs to some kind of sports society, especially football, games, and excursions.

Every Sunday morning about five or six o'clock, no matter how cold or how hot is the weather, you will see young people in groups of twenty, fifty, or one hundred, singing and going to a peak of some of our big mountains. Going to concerts, operas, or lectures is a real good time for Bulgarian man in the city.

Because our cities are not so big, we have another kind of amusement which is impossible for a city like Chicago with so many automobiles and so much movement. Beginning with the Capitol and ending with the smallest town you will find the same expression of the human instinct to be with other people. Every city has a special street (very often the street coming from a garden) with trees at both sides, part of it with lots of lights and part of it almost dark between six and ten o'clock, which is filled with young people, all of them in couples or not, walking back and forth in a distance not longer than five blocks, meeting each other, talking and laughing.

All Bulgarian amusements are expressions of some instinct and nobody realizes that a good time is necessary, so maybe that is why we do not have such an expressive word as "good time" as in English.

—Renka Kassabova.

The old time tardy excuse of "the clock stopped," or "overslept" is giving way to "I got lost in the halls." Why not provide diagrams of the school plans (a la tourists) maps)?

The road to learning has its ups and downs—especially in drifted snows—so the town girls find. One girl experimented with the forces of gravity and snow to the extent that her shoe came off.



OUT OF DOORS IN A LAND OF SUNSHINE

Barbados, lying as it does about 13 degrees above the equator, and surrounded by the waters of the Atlantic, has a very temperate climate, and is in an ideal situation for out of door sports of all kinds. Foremost among these is the sport of sea-bathing. On mornings or afternoons all the year round bathers can be seen enjoying a leisurely swim, diving from the spring boards of piers, or battling in the surf with huge breakers which in the end defeat them and toss them on to the white beach.

Tennis engages the attention of a great many people, and lawns are to be found everywhere, where, on sunny afternoons, white frocked and flannelled figures are seen, and the white balls whirr to and fro on the carefully marked green courts.

The masculine element is enthusiastic about cricket and football, and in fact, take these two forms of sport very seriously, for every little school boy lives in the hope of some day representing his home land in the inter-island or inter-colonial cricket matches. Meanwhile, there is his school or club for which he has to fight on the football field, and if he can not do that, he can at least yell as loudly as his lungs will permit at the close of the game, whether his team is the winning one or not.

Yachting, is another very popular sport, and out on the blue waters of the bay the white sails of yachts can be seen, as they skim to and fro, or leisurely drift before the wind.

Walking, picnicing, bicycling, all these are forms of exercise and sport indulged in on that little island of the Carribean, over which the North East trades blow merrily and where the sun always shines.

—*Vera Hunt.*

WINTER SPORTS IN POLAND

Are you girls anxious to know, what our girls and boys do to amuse themselves during the winter? I assure you they do just the same what you do, because they are quite so young as you are. But there is some difference too. We have not so many dancing halls and movies to go in during the frosty winter days and we study very seldom in afternoons, so we have more time for outdoor sports. Not having so many clubs, we have different ways to ask the company to go out. Simply the boy or girls jumps on the desk during the recess, and asks who wants to go. And then they decide the time, the place, and never fail to come. Some of them go for skating, some for snowshoes walk, few for skiing, but many for sleigh-ride. And so do I. (Isn't it hard to believe?) It is a special thrill to slide down, down the hill very fast, and feel the cool air touching your cheeks and hear the whistle of wind as you go down faster and faster. But it is not so pleasant to walk up the hill and pull the sleigh behind you. Boys can't help you, because boys and girls are not allowed to go for sports together. (I do believe you girls feel sorry for our girls, are you?)

It is much fun anyway especially when you get the new experience in old, well-known sport. It happened once that I not willingly changed the old way

going down. We sat six girls on one sleigh, one on the lap of the other. I was the last one. Somebody pushed us and we started down. I went with them, but I quickly realized I was not sitting on the sleigh. I was pulled by my sister sitting on my skirt. They dropped me half a way down. Don't you think, girls, I was glad the snow covered way was so smooth? Anyway I was more fortunate than other girls—I had to walk only half a way up.

I am sorry, girls, I can't tell you about sliding in our mountains, where you go miles and miles down with wind speed. I never happened to be in our mountains during winter.

—Jane Gdulewicz.

SPORTS IN SWEDEN

Red Grange, the sleepless salesman of the five-cent chocolate bar, the rival of the Prince of Wales for the feminine heart in America, would hardly be capable of arousing a Swedish nose to turn up. The Swedish school girl's ideal is the officer, tall and nice-looking in his uniform, adored for his dance. To see this officer horse-back riding makes her heart beat faster. Of course, he takes an active part in horse-races, auto and bicycle-races, which all are exceedingly popular. But in football—Oh no! The boy starts early in the school to train himself, either to be an officer or to beat an officer. Swedish gymnastic is no pastime for a sugar-baby or girls, who, of course, are in the same class. Instead the girl finds delight in dancing after Dalcroze method. After school there are plenty of outdoor recreations. In winter time, if you have a longing to make high ski-jumps, skate or coast, the hills and lakes give you opportunity to satisfy it. In summertime, I think you would enjoy swimming and fishing most, as we have many beautiful little lakes. For hunting and hiking the woods are wonderful. What in Sweden is as popular as football here, is tennis. We have many real good players. Our king, although he is about sixty-five years old, is among our best ones. Once every year he goes to France and plays against Suzanne. The general interest for sport is large, and it grows larger every year.

—Dagne Aquist.

HOW WE ALL FEEL IN MISS
MOUNTS' CLASS



IN THE CANDLE LIGHT

It was Spring! The tall College Building which all through the winter had stood as a sentinel on the hill, bare, unprotected, now stood amidst all the shimmering green of Spring. Trees, shrubs, and vines seemed to be bursting with the message of Spring. The brilliant sunshine had even brought response from the long frozen river. Now it gurgled and rippled over stones, dashed against rocks, so that the far-flung spray might water its banks to prepare for the fragrant spring flowers that might grow there.

On such a day as this Joan, a slender, delicate blonde of rare beauty left her Aunt Selina's old-fashioned house for school. It was Joan Ethridge's second semester at this Girl's College on the hill, and ever since her mother's death six months before she had been living with her Aunt in Roseland Park and commuting back and forth to school.

It seemed that since the very day Joan arrived in Roseland Park she had been utterly and purposely ignored. This, at first, had made her feel very sad and alone. She had counted so much on friends since her mother's death. But Aunt Selina had filled a great vacancy and had showed her that she should be glad rather than sad at this marked attitude of the town in general. For, after all, Roseland Park society, although as a whole a well-to-do people, were an uneducated, common people, with little regard or appreciation of the finer things. Today as Joan turned the corner and started up the street toward the train she thought of the six months since her arrival in Roseland Park. She recalled the one party to which she had been invited—at the Ashby's, only two doors away. It was the first time she had met any of the young people of Roseland Park. She remembered with a smile what a keen disappointment it had been—both in the young men and girls! Not one similar taste, not a common ground on which to talk, no appreciation of the beautiful.

"What could I have in common with them?" She found herself saying it out loud. She was quite startled and looked around the station to see if anyone heard her. There behind her loomed up a tall broad-shouldered man's figure. With all her courage she looked into his face—it was a handsome face with much character, gray eyes, even white teeth making an attractive smile, and dark and glossy hair. She saw all this in a second's glance. Immediately she had turned and consciously looked long and steadily down the tracks for a glimpse of her train. It was coming. She then looked at her watch with undue effort, as if calculating the time to see if she would make her class. After all she knew she would, but she had to do something to take him off her mind.

He rode opposite her all the way down to school. Everytime she looked up she found him looking her way, which, to say the least, was quite disconcerting.

For a week following Joan saw this same young man on the same train every morning. She had not told her Aunt Selina anything about this special train except that she *must* make it or she would be late to class.

About the middle of the second week, one lovely spring morning, Joan almost missed her train. She had a full half block to run to make it. The train had started up with a slow "chug" when she jumped up on the step of the train and caught hold of the iron rod. Then someone reached down and caught her by the arm and lifted her up to the second step. She looked up into the gray eyes and attractive smile of this same young man she had noticed each morning.

"You're quire a runner!" he said, still smiling.

"Oh! You were watching me? Well—thank you for helping me up!" she was surprised to find herself answering so naturally.

She walked into the car and he followed. It all seemed like a dream, yet so perfectly natural. They conversed and laughed together until at her station she said, "Goodbye."

That evening after dinner, Aunt Selina and Joan came into the living room

and took their usual places—Joan on the footstool before Aunt Selina's great chair. Joan sat quietly for some time, then she began to tell casually of the happenings at school, of the darling girls there—Here, Mary made an appearance at the door—

"Excuse me, ma'am, but this parcel just came express for you."

"For me?" asked Aunt Selina, "Bring it here, thank you, Mary. Would you mind getting the dinner concert over the radio on your way out?"

"I wonder what it could be!" queried Joan. She was all eyes as Aunt Selina carefully unwrapped the package.

"Silver Candlesticks and Bayberry Candles! How lovely! Let me see what is written on the card, Aunt Selina."

"Happy Birthday, Selina! It's from Flora," said Aunt Selina.

"Why Aunt Selina, I didn't know it was your birthday today."

"Dear Child, you know I never make much of birthdays, mine or anyone else's. It's just that Flora has known me since we were school girls together."

An orchestra was coming over the radio. They were playing a very beautiful waltz. "How nicely it all fits—Bayberry Candles and a violin," thought Joan.

"Aunt Selina, may I light the candles?"

"You certainly shall!"

She placed the gleaming candlesticks, one on each side of the narrow table behind the davenport. As she lit the candles that sputtered into a gentle flame she heard strains of "Liebestraume" by Liszt, coming over the radio. She sank to her footstool, her head drooped against the davenport. Aunt Selina covered a knowing smile and picked up from the end table Christopher Morley's "Songs For a Little House." She casually turned the first few pages. To her surprise the title of the first poem was "Bayberry Candles."

"Listen to this, Joan," and she read aloud—

"Dear, Sweet, when dusk comes up the hill
And fire leaps high with golden prongs,
I place along the chimney sill
The tiny candles of my song—"

"Oh, Aunt Selina, let me read it," protested Joan. Aunt Selina smiled and handed her the book and watched her quietly as she read.

Finally Aunt Selina interrupted her.

"I hope tomorrow will be a nice day for I've invited Flora for dinner. We'll have her silver candlesticks on the table, too! Do you know," continued she, "Flora refused my invitation at first for her son has just returned from New York, where he has started his practice of law. Imagine, he hasn't seen his mother for four years."

"Oh," interrupted Joan, "I think I've heard of him. Lucille and the Ashby boys were telling me about him at the Ashby party. They said he was a prude spending most of his time with his nose in a book. He's their best example of a poor sport—doesn't drink, and says he has no time for girls. Of course, that's their idea of him—"

"Oh no," said Aunt Selina, "He didn't impress me that way when I saw him last. But you shall see for yourself tomorrow night."

The next evening Joan hurried home from school so that she might have time to dress for dinner. Mary had decorated the dining room table with a center piece of spring flowers, and it all looked very beautiful in the light of the Bayberry Candles. Joan herself looked very lovely in a simple yellow gown that brought out the gold in her hair.

When the doorbell finally rang Joan found herself very curious to meet this puny bookworm, Flora Powell's son.

There was a cheery greeting and then "Joan, I'd like you to meet my son, Walter Powell," but Joan did not hear for she was looking into the face of the handsome young man she had met on the train.

At first, he looked startled—astonished—then a broad beaming smile lightened his face as he broke the silence,

"How do you do? I'm indeed very glad to know you!"

Both Walter and Joan enjoyed every moment of that evening and as they sat down to dinner Joan thought with a smile, "I never thought I'd see him in Bayberry Candlelight!"

Before they left Walter had asked if he might come over the following evening to call and also if he might call for Joan to take her to the train in the morning. Both wishes were granted.

That night, long after Aunt Selina had gone to bed Joan sat up alone. She picked up Christopher Moreley's "Songs For a Little House" and read to herself again the closing verse of the poem called "Bayberry Candles—"

"And though unsteadily they burn
As evening shades from gray to blue,
Like Candles, they shall surely learn
To shine more clear for love of you." —Elizabeth Geshwind.

REMEMBERING

It doesn't seem
So long ago
When we were back
In the old College.
Remember?
There was the breeze
Wafted from the southwest
On a summer's day,
Scented with stockyard's perfume.
The soot and grime
Of the factory smoke,
The shots in the night.
Then, too, our alley vocalists,
The peddlers.
And the little pickaninnies
Who saw many a class to
The shade lowering stage.
The "Del," where the
Toasted cheese sandwich reigned.
And the "Tea Chest"
(I wonder if they miss us?)
Also the fire drills
When those in the Library
Excited through the window.
These things stand for
Old "2944," and
Are dear to us as a part of it.
Yet isn't it grand
To say,
"Remember?"

—Geraldine Behensky.

CLOUD LAMBS

Little lambs are the clouds in the sky
Woolly lambs that go frisking by.
The twinkly stars are fireflies, I guess,
And that big cloud is the shepherdess.
And when the wind goes woo-h
The little lambs run faster, too
And the man in the moon just sits and winks,
I often wonder just what he thinks.

—Agnes Hilton.

SECOND HAND ROSE

"Second hand rose
Second hand clothes,
Everyone knows,
I'm second hand rose!"

I don't know why I've never been able to get that song out of my head and I suppose it's because it seems to have been written just for me!

"Second hand rose,
Second had clothes,"

That's the part that fits me exactly. I'm a second hand rose if there ever was one! Having a big sister gives one a splendid chance to be a martyr, and when that song came into fashion I was accordingly dubbed the "Second Hand Rose" of the Winslow family and—how it clings!

Rosalie was sweet and perfectly adorable and I loved her heaps, but she did have that unpleasant habit of handing me her clothes when she was through with them and it's the hardest habit in the world to break! Well, matters came to a sort of a crisis when Rosalie said in that angelic fashion of hers:

"There's no reason why that crepe of mine wouldn't make Beatrice a sweet little Sunday dress."

You see I said I wanted a Sunday dress when I really wanted a dress for Sally's party.

"There are pecks of reasons, my dear sister." I said, for I happened to be present.

"Why—dearest?"

"Well, I hate the embroidery and I don't want a square neck, and that's that."

"That can be remedied, can't it mother?" demanded Rosalie. She looked so pretty as she turned to mother with that pouting, questioning look, that I knew in my bones that I'd weaken.

"Well," began mother—

"How can you make a square neck round?" I interrupted crossly.

"Mother can do anything, can't you mother?" said dear Rosalie.

Mother started to answer when our neighbor Mrs. Brewster came in. Rosalie got me out into the hallway and began in a sugary pleading way, "Now be a good child, Bee. What difference does it make how you look when you're so young."

"But—" I began indignantly.

"I simply must have something new when Gordon comes and you wouldn't want to spoil it—would you, Bee? Perhaps then you'll never have to wear a dress of mine again." She smiled mysteriously and fixed her pretty restless gray eyes on me.

"But—"

"You know you said yourself you thought Gordon Ellsworth awfully nice."

"Not Gordie Ellsworth!!" I cried.

"No other," said Rosalie triumphantly. "Think how great an opportunity I have to impress him!"

I had weakened—"Well if you'll rip out those fool sleeves and—"

"Oh Bee, you dear darling, Second Hand Rose" cried that sweet weeder catching me in a smothering embrace. "I'll stand on my head over the dress, and you'll look like a million dollars at Sally's party—honest."

I wasn't so sure, but anyway I went upstairs and got into the suit that Rosalie had gotten for her trip to Chicago and took a good long walk. On my way back I stopped at the home of Sally, my best friend. We paired around together all the time and the vital difference between us was that Sally's clothes came from a big expensive store on Washington Street, while mine—! The fact was that Sally had no big sister, although she often told me that five brothers were enough to make one overlook such a slight. Sally was very excited and happy.

She had just gotten her dress for her wonderful party. A perfect love of a shade of burnt orange with darling little godet. It was perfection. I relapsed into adoring silence while she tried it on.

When I arrived home I felt just a wee bit sore and even more so when I found that Rosalie had left her job of setting the table to me, in order to walk with Gordon just because he wanted her to. I don't think he's so awfully nice anymore.

The next few days flew and my dress was done. It lay on the bed where Rosalie had laid it so temptingly. I had to admit it was pretty! If only it were brand new and I had just cut the Washington Street tag off! Rosalie's own clever fingers had made the smart petal belt and sewed in each tiny pleat.

"Second Hand Rose,
Second Hand Clothes,
Everyone knows——"

I suddenly sang.

Well I am completely overwhelmed! I really don't know what to do. I'm so thrilled! I really must try to calm myself and tell what has happened. It was the morning after Sally's party and I was at the breakfast table—all alone—and what should appear before me in the society column of the "Breeze", our own select little news but my name!!—in print! and a sketch of my dress!

"At Sally Duncan's party, which has been eagerly looked forward to by Brewster's younger set a great many of the Duncan's Boston friends were present. It was a very brilliant affair and we are overjoyed that among this select crowd the daughter of one of our oldest and best known families was able to hold her own. Miss Beatrice Winslow must certainly carry off the honors for being the most charmingly gowned person present!"

Well, right then and there I decided I'd just as soon be a "Second Hand Rose" as nothing! And so I promised Rosalie on the spot that I'd wear her serge to school without a murmur. All on the strength of that one item! It was all right until—I found out that dear Rosalie wrote it!

—Dorothy M. Knowles.

THE CAREFREE FLOWER

Little flow'ret in the sun,
You seem to have such loads of fun.
Gently nodding to us now
You seem to make a fairy bow.

Swaying gently to and fro,
Beneath the winds that softly blow,
A joyous, carefree life you lead,
Growing, blowing on the mead.

—Grace Roosman.

MEMORIES

BEFORE

Soot
 Grimy snow
 Black chimneys
 Clouds of smoke
 Hair-breadth escapes from busses
 The red ball of the setting sun in grey skies
 Short walks from houses to the Stables
 Drug store, 31st Street, (and other) lights
 House parties and college dances
 Big, full-length mirrors
 Fraternity houses
 Taxi-cabs
 Chums.

AFTER

Quiet
 White snow
 Natural colored chimneys
 Bright sunrises easily seen
 Flashes of the "L" lights on Central
 Tramps over the prairie to the College
 Nature study hikes with Dr. Downing
 Labyrinths of trunks in halls
 Where is a mirror?
 No desks, dressers, or closets
 Varnish and fresh paint
 Trees, real trees
 Chums, *always*.

—Virginia Tourtelotte.

APRIL MOODS

Pussy willows—silvery gray
 Smiling through the rain
 Nod their heads and laughing say,
 "Tis joy we should acclaim!"

April buds all shimmery green
 Dripping crystal dew,
 Awake with dawn's first golden gleam
 When stars have turned to blue!

Joyous world with beauty sings,
 Smiling skies above,
 Earth's resounding gladness brings
 The memories dear of love!

—Betty Geshwind.

THE SUNSET

Oh, the beauty of the sunset
 Held me spellbound as I gazed.
 Rooted to the spot I stood there
 As my soul its maker praised.

Oh, the wonder of that sunset
 As it mingled gold with red,
 Shading into pink and purple,
 Made me want to softly tread.

Could a mortal artist paint it
 He would need to paint no more,
 For the echo of that painting
 Would bring thousands to his door.

Yet, as God so often shows us
 What he can to us bestow
 Few are those who stop and worship,
 In his grace and beauty grow.

—Grace Roosman.

MOVING

I don't like to move, do you?
Makes me feel a kind of blue
Leaving all the friendly faces
And those well-known traveled places.
Oh, it isn't fun to pack
Thinking that you'll ne'er be back.

Yes, I know the place is old,
And the classrooms ne'er would hold
All the students who are turning
Faces toward our fount of learning.
Yet "Good-bye" is hard to say
To those buildings once so gay.

Yes, the place was full of dirt,
And we had to be alert
Lest the little darkies scatter
All the thoughts from our gray matter
As they grinned in at the class
Through the alley window glass.

And I know the neighborhood
Wasn't really very good.
Ozone in the air was lacking
And we had to go horse-backing
In the city parks for weeks
To get roses in our cheeks.

In our new home we are free,
And we all do now agree
That this place is so much better,
Even in the coldest weather.
Oh, we're glad that we came here
Where to nature we are near.

Hills and valleys we now roam
As from college we go home.
By the bridge we cross the river,
While the north wind makes us shiver,
But we gayly race along
All a-tune to winter's song.

Ah, the country round about
Makes us want to up and shout
And our college great and spacious,
With its teachers all so gracious,
Gives us inspiration new
As life's work we start to do.

Oh, I like to move, don't you?
Into fields and pastures new,
Where the gushing river races,
And the sunset leaves its traces.
Oh, I think it's loads of fun
If you move to Evanston.

—Grace Roosman.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

There might be neater places
With fewer cluttered spaces
Than our college.

There might be less confusion
To ruin your constitution
Than in our college.

There might be classrooms less dusty
Pounding and clatt'ring less lusty
Than in our college.

But there couldn't be teachers dearer
Who'd make our way any clearer
Than in our college.

So don't crab, it's better to smile,
And a smile makes it more worth while,
For it's our college.

—*Agnes Hilton.*

MISS PETERSON

I went into the library
 Not very long ago—
 And now about that quiet place
 There's something you should know.

Up at the brown desk, stern and small,
 There sits the strangest thing;
 It seems to look severe and bold
 As it sits there listening.

I used to know who reigned supreme
 O'er all the pretty girls,
 But now whene'er I enter there
 My brain just runs in swirls.

I thought of all the folks I knew,
 Who dared to sit right there
 And tell us where to find our books
 And not to talk—or swear.

Then suddenly a new thought came
 To crowd my o'er-taxed brain;
 I had an inspiration all at once
 But it could not remain.

Of course, I'd heard of Helen Wills
 Who wears a green shade hat;
 And so I thought it must be she
 Who'd trespassed our doot-mat.

But as I once was studying
 And finally was all done,
 I glanced up mystified to find
 It was Miss Peterson.

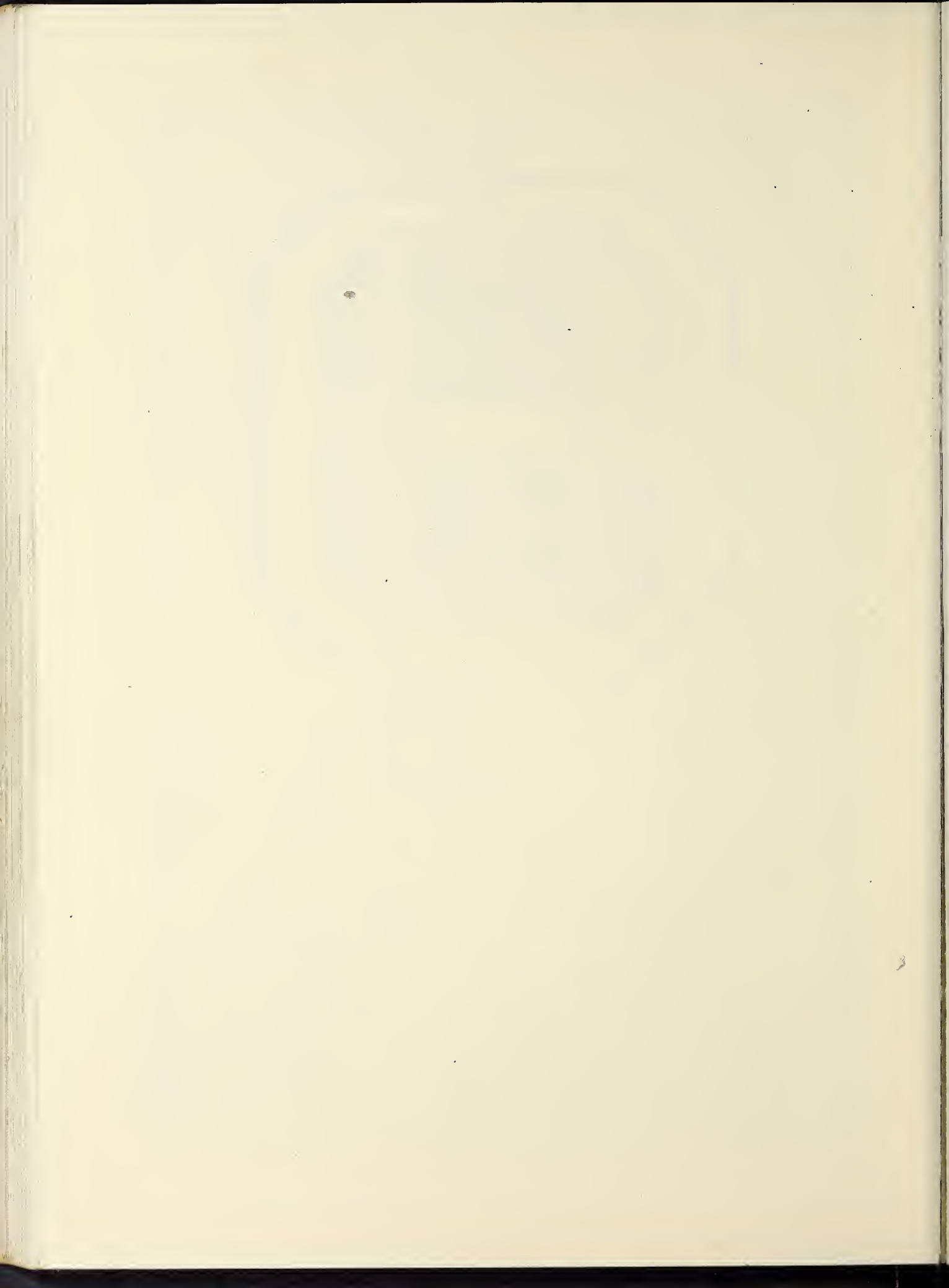
And now I know so plainly
 That California school
 Is not the only one to claim
 A green-hat maid to rule.

—Dorothy Allen.





HUMOR



LUNCH ROOM ETIQUETTE

Don't eat:

1. Unbleached turnips
2. Cubical horseradish
3. Cured eggplant
4. Prunes with a knife
5. Long-necked celery
6. Soup with a compass

Mary Worthington—"Where have I seen your face before?"
Dorothy Allen—"Right where you see it now."

Teacher—"Why are you always late for school?"
Boots—"Because of a sign I have to pass on my way here."
Teacher—"What has the sign to do with it?"
Boots—"Why, it says, 'School ahead, go slow'."

Orchestra Drummer—"I'm the fastest man in the world."
Violinist—"How's that?"
O. D.—"Time flies, doesn't it?"
V.—"So they say."
O. D.—"Well, I beat time!"

There was a young girl named Pauline,
 Who attempted to drive a machine;
 She forgot to stop,
 In front of a cop—
 Her fate was easily seen.

As a man was standing on Brooklyn Bridge, an aeroplane flew over him and a submarine went under him at the same time. "What nationality was he?" asked Johnny.

"Irish."

"Why?"

"Because his father and mother were Irish."

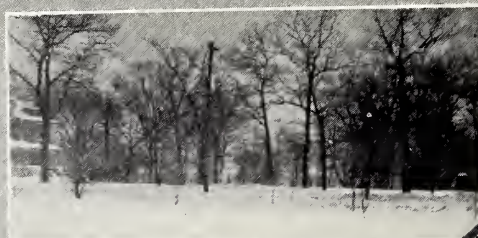
IF MAMA HAD HEARD

Little Miss Gwendolyn was discoursing affably with the rich widower who was much interested in her mother. "If I send you a doll," said Mr. Richington, "should it have golden hair like yours?"

Gwendolyn—"Oh no; the next doll I get must have hair like mama's—to take off and put on."—*The Tiger*.



Remember
'Way back
When —



"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

He—"Could you take a joke seriously?"
She—"I scarcely know you yet!"

The school teacher, in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly," illustrated it by walking across the floor.

When she asked the class to tell her how she walked, little Mabel shouted, "Bow-legged."

Ink—"Ellen, may I kiss you?"
Ellen—"Piggly Wiggly."
Ink—"What do you mean?"
Ellen—"Help yourself."

C. Moore—"You say you flunked in Psychology? Why, I can't understand it"
E. Greis—"Same here. That's why I flunked."

He—"Say, are you going to be busy this evening?"
Florence—"No, I'm not."
He—"Then you won't be tired in the morning, will you?"

Prof.—"Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides of this triangle?"
Student—"I don't have to prove it. I admit it."

Poetess—"That poem I sent you contained the deepest secrets of my soul."
Editor—"Have no fear, Madam; no one shall ever find them out through me."

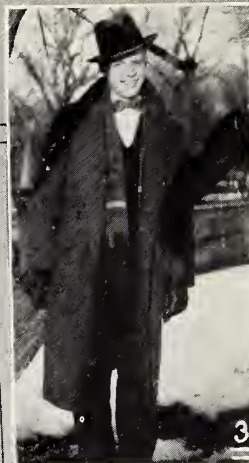
He—(teaching her to drive)—"In case of emergency the first thing you want to do is to put on the brake."
Helen Hubseh—"Why, I thought it came with the car."

V. Tourtelotte—"Are you the one who cut my hair last time?"
Barber—"I couldn't be; I've only been here a year."

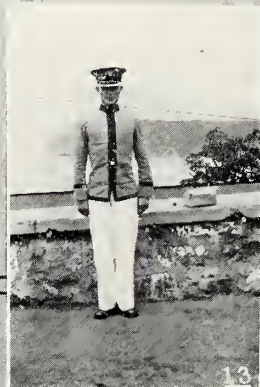
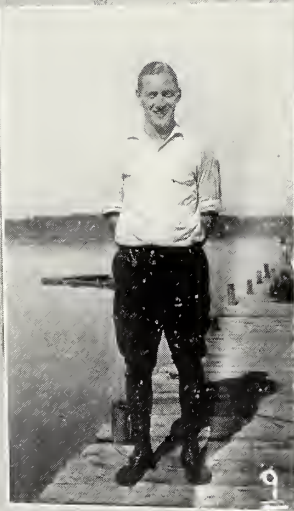
Miss Hart—"So Arch went away last night."
Clara L.—"Yes, he's gone."
Miss Hart—"Parting must make your heart ache."
Clara L.—"Yes, and every rib, too."



WHO'S
WHO
?



For Key
See Page 108



Bob C.—"Can Janet keep a secret?"

Herschel—"I'll say so! We were engaged three weeks before I knew a thing about it."

The class had been instructed to write a composition on a dog.

Teacher—"Why, Robert! How does it happen that your essay is word for word the same as your brother's?"

Robert—"It is the same dog, teacher!"

"Is Betty Shoesmith engaged now?"

"Yes, but I don't remember the names of more than two of the boys."

"Willie, how long will it take you to go to the drugstore?"

"What am I going for, Mother, ice cream or pills?"

"You're right," said the left shoe to its mate.

Grace Schert—"I'd like to ask you a question concerning a tragedy."

Dr. Scherger—"Well, what is it?"

Grace—"What did I make on that last test?"

"They're off," said Mil Cook as she viewed the inmates of the insane asylum.

L. Forney—"I'd like to see something cheap in a felt hat."

Clerk—"Try this one on. The mirror's at your left."

Miss Lanphier—"Another book I can recommend for outside reading is Barrie's 'What Every Woman Knows'."

Rosalie Marx—"That's the one for me. It ought to be short."

"The man I marry must be rich, brainy, and good."

"I see; you expect to have three husbands."

Miss Westervelt—"Can you carry a tune?"

Mildred Dugdale—"Certainly, I can. We'll carry that one out and bury it."

"What's the difference between Carol Schoup and an umbrella?"

"An umbrella can be shut up."

"The next person that interrupts the class will be sent home!"

"Hoo! Ray!" yelled the class.

Dr. Downing—(In the course of a lecture)—“Nature plans well for mankind’s needs.”

Voice from somewhere in the class: “I’d say so! What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?”

“Have you ever seen a mosquito weep?”

“No, but I’ve seen a moth bawl.”

Conductor—“This transfer has just expired.”

Winnie—“No wonder, there’s not a ventilator open in the car.”

Pauline—“Why Chuck yawned three times while I was talking to him.”

Classmate—“Perhaps he wasn’t yawning—he may have been trying to say something.”

Ed—“Words are inadequate to express my love!”

Ruth Lesser—“Try candy and violets.”

“There must have been some mistake in my examination marking,” complained the Freshman. “I don’t think I deserve an absolute zero.”

“Neither do I,” agreed Dr. Webb, “but it’s the lowest mark I’m allowed to give.”

1. Lois Wertz thinks Noel Diamond is O. K.
2. Harold Myers likes the way Helen Schade wears her hair.
3. Pauline Parmelee loves to get letters from her touring Chuck Harris.
4. Roberta Phillips thinks Gordon Swarthout is the best man on earth.
5. Wright Hedenschough likes Alice Weber’s “petiteness.”
6. Hub Carden’s specialty is to call up Nina Criss all the way from Omaha.
7. Doc Hougen specializes in writing and drawing “specials” every day to Margaret Hulse.
8. Ruth Carlson loves her Pi K A.
9. Ellen Day will always smile when “Ink” Higgins says, “Ain’t Love Grand!”
10. Fred Burnett becomes spell bound with the sight of Virginia Cohen’s large, blue eyes.
11. Edith Johnson’s Ruddy is O. K. with us too.
12. If Margaret Pierce hadn’t gone to N. K. E. C., she would have never met Clive Bishop—consequently they love “L” riding and thrill over their introduction to each other everytime they so indulge.
13. Ruth Lesser’s Ed Shepherd—’nuff said?
14. Irene and Melville Miles take the best pictures.
15. Frances Swanson likes the way Harold drives his car through Lincoln Park.

NATIONAL GRADS. 1936

SOME WILL BE —



WHICH WILL YOU BE?

D. KNOWLES



MORE SPEED

When our college moved to Evanston
 We found the trains ran slow,
 And we tried to think of some other way
 So we could faster go.

Verna wanted a Cadillac;
 No! No!" her daddy said,
 "I'll not promise you a Cadillac,
 But a horse and cart instead."

To ride alone would be a waste
 Of horse and space 'tis true;
 So Verna agreed to call for Louise
 And Zeta and Alice too.

At 35th Street Alice awaits her;
 In her hand she carries a whip;
 Along comes Verna with horse and cart
 A-clippety, clippety, clip.

Verna sits up and pulls the reins.
 To the horse she cries "whoa! whoa!"
 Alice climbs up into the cart
 And off again they go.

On, on down Michigan Boul we ride
 And crack! the whip goes, crack!
 Cricket, the horse, goes speedily;
 He beats a Cadillac.

But when we get to Mountain Side
 Again we have to stop;
 Zeta's waiting with bell in hand
 Upon the mountain top.

Cricket can't pull us up the hill;
 So we must stop below.
 Zeta comes down, jumps into the cart,
 Then off again we go.

Our next stop is at Central Street,
 Look! here we meet Louise.
 Guess what she's got—a bag of oats
 For Cricket, the horse, if you please.

Soon as Louise is in the cart
 We hurriedly cross the bridge,
 And Cricket drives up to the College
 Our dear N. K. C. on the Ridge.

No matter what class we may have there,
 You'll see we are always on time;
 All thanks are due to old Cricket
 And this is the end of our Rhyme.

—Alice Gutknecht.

He—"Dear, you look sweet enough to eat."

Irma R.—"Where shall we go?"

Dr. Downing—"I am almost tempted to give you a test today."

Mary Saxe—"Yield not to temptation."

She—"Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason."

He—"I always leave things as I find them."



D. Dean—"I'm afraid I flunked that make-up exam today."
Minna—"Your face shows it."

Clerk—"Miss Doane is complaining because her picture doesn't look like her."
Photographer—"She ought to be tickled to death it doesn't."

"My stock in trade is brains."
 "Well, you've got a queer looking sample case."

"Our last month's bill was frightful,"
 Said Mary to her beau.
 He rose with smile delightful,
 And turned the light quite low.

I rose and gave her my seat,
 I could not let her stand.
 She made me think of mother, with
 That strap held in her hand.

A goat ate all our other jokes,
 And then began to run.
 "I cannot stop," he loudly said,
 "I am so full of fun."

He—"Have you ever seen our Ski jump?"
She—"No, but I'd love to. Will he do it before strangers?"
 —*Dartmouth Jack O' Lantern.*

He had been on his knees pleading with her for half an hour. Finally he exclaimed, "Don't you believe me when I say I want to marry you?"
 "I try to," she replied, "but I simply can't forget that you work in the Weather Bureau."

"A drop of ink makes millions think."
 Well, that depends a lot—
 I do declare it makes more swear
 When it becomes a blot.
 —*Boston Transcript.*

Professor of Chemistry—If anything should go wrong in this experiment, we and the laboratory with us might be blown sky-high. Come closer, gentlemen, so that you may better be able to follow me.

When you begin reading the letter over twice or thrice or more—
 And studying even the envelope and postmark—
 And gazing long at the opening and closing in search of some deeply hidden meaning—
 And admiring the handwriting and the stationery—
 And smiling a dreamy smile as you read—
 You're gone, my girl, you're gone.

She—"You know, Jack, I always speak as I think."
He—"Yes dear—only oftener."

—*Burr.*

Beatrice E.—"Did you see that movie called *Oliver Twist*?"
Boots—"Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?"



‘ ‘ F O R E C A S T ’ ’

A—is for Altermatt, the beginner of things,
B—is for Belden who's about to sprout wings;
C—is for Carnright, a teacher at normal,
D—is for Dox who delights in things formal,
E—is for Engstrand, she's driving a Ford,
F—is for Francis who strikes wrong chords,
G—is for Gunning, a jolly good elf,
H—is for Helz who laughs in spite of herself,
I—is for Irwin who stands all alone,
J—is for Johnson who answers the phone,
K—is for Koff, a professor of Aesthetics,
L—is for Lesser, she teaches Athletics,
M—is for MacLennan who digs in her yard,
N—is for Neureuther who picks up discards,
O—is for O'Brien and her swell new cloak,
P—is for Parmalee, she's a good joke,
Q—is for Quizzical, women are so,
R—is for Roosman, she's married you know,
S—is for Smith, world famous musician,
T—is for Tourtelotte, a country magician,
U—is for Underwood, she's got a good job,
V—is for Vandevender, who loves corn on the cob,
W—is for Wilson, a movie star—Look!
X—is for Xtra fine work in this book
Y—is for Yeaton, a reader of Chaff,
Z—is for Zorn, she gets the last laugh!

A NIGHTMARE

One *Day* a girl whom none of us know
Was told that she to *Court* must go
For an old *Farmer* was in a high feather
Because she'd helped herself to his *Heather*.
While an *Ambre Moon* had hung high in the sky
He had watched her from a *Brown Bush* nearby
And his *Best Boots* had been spoiled by *Frost*
But nevertheless his crop was lost.
She had carried it all away in *Saxe*;
Before the *Jury* he laid these facts.
One of the *Jurymen* gave a slight *Koff*
And asked that the verdict might be put off,
While one of the *Katz* in the *Court* room there
Moved out of *Range* of his *Piercing* stare.
Then a lion *Trainer* who looked quite pale
Set the girl free by paying her bail.
And then I heard, "Are you sure that's all?"
And I realized I'd slept straight through roll call.

—*Agnes Hilton.*

"Mother, when I grow up and marry, shall I have a husband like papa?" asked Mary.

"I hope so, dear," said mother.

"And if I don't marry, shall I be like Aunt Sue?"

"I hope so."

"Gracious!" said Mary as she turned away with anguish, "What a fix I am in!"

He—"I could dance on like this forever."

She—"Oh, I'm sure you don't mean that! You're bound to improve."

Pretty Niece—(Blushing)—"Auntie, what would you do if you should learn that a young man was secretly inquiring about your ability as a cook?"

Wise Aunt—"I should immediately make secret inquiries as to his ability to provide things to cook, my dear."

Two men in a train were discussing their fine qualities. One said he had a remarkable vision. The other had remarkable hearing faculties. As they went along, a barn appeared on the horizon. He of the remarkable vision said, "Do you see that fly crawling along the roof?"

"No," said the other, "I don't see him, but I can hear him stumbling over the shingles."

Dentist—"Don't worry, sonny, your teeth will grow in again."

Youngster—"Yeah! But will they grow in again before dinner?"

"Why don't you go to the dance tonight, Harold? Haven't you any flame?"

"Yes, dad," said Harold sadly, "I have a peach of a flame, but no fuel."

An oak leaf fell upon my foot; to walk I was not able.

'Twas solid oak—I'll say it was—from our extension table.

—*Smiley-Wiley.*

Efficient Young Nurse—"Wake up! It's time to take your sleeping medicine."

Romeo—"You know, Slim, my ancestors come over here on the Mayflower."

Slim—"Yeah? Mine couldn't come, they hada go to Jul'us Caesar's funeral."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

A new coachman was bein instructed as to the proper way to carry himself when in service. He was told to say when he drove up: "My Lord, your carriage waits without." When the time came, he became nervous and yelled, "My God, the Hack!"

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the Earl has cabled me to come across."

Old Lady—"What is that?"

Farmer—"That's fertilizer."

Old Lady—"For the land's sake."

Farmer—"Yes, M'am."

Vivian K.—"Pa, I ain't got no syrup."

Father—"Mildred, correct your brother."

Mildred—(Leaning over and peering into Vivian's plate)—"Yes, you is."

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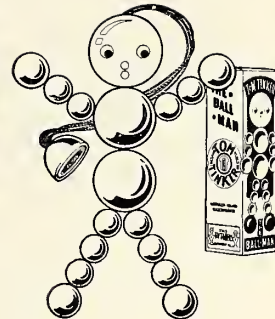
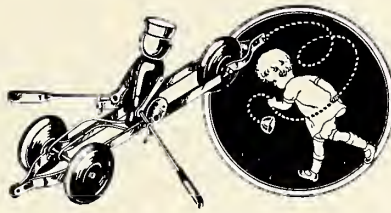
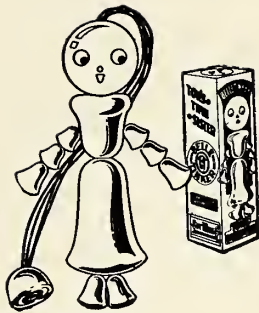
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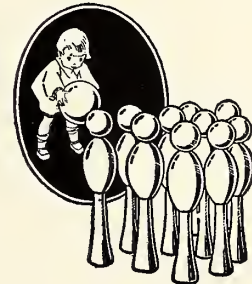
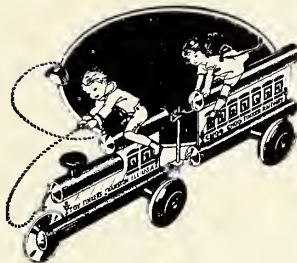


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A woman rushed into a grocery store and breathlessly demanded of the first clerk who greeted her: "Please give me a mouse trap. Be quick; I want to catch a car."

—*New York Times.*

"Father's absent-minded, isn't he?"

"Extremely so! Why the other night when he got home he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't remember what it was until he had sat up nearly an hour trying to think!"

"And did he at last remember it?"

"Yes—he discovered that he wanted to go to bed early!"

—*Onas.*

He—"Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"

She—"But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

—*London Answers.*

"See the dancing snowflakes!"

"Practicing for the snowball, I suppose?"

Professor—"What do you know about electricity?"

Student—"Enough to leave it alone."

One Saturday morning mother had been baking cookies. The little girl next door had eaten a number, but she still clamored for one more..

"But you know that little girls cannot live on cookies," mother said.

"Oh, but I don't Mrs. Martin," was the quick reply; "I live on Crain Street."

He was dreadfully persistent and would not take "No" for an answer. At last she was thoroughly exasperated.

"No," she declared, "I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth! I don't want nothing to do with you. Is that plain English?"

"It's plain enough," said the suitor cheerfully, "but it isn't English, you know."

"You have such strange names for your towns," an Englishman remarked to one of his new American friends. "Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie, and ever so many others."

"I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American, thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?"

"Oh no," said the unsuspecting Briton, "I spend a part of my time at Chipping Norton, and then I've a place at Pokestog-on-the-Hike."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A girl from the tribe of the Siouxs
Was often afflicted with bliouxs.
The trouble, she found,
Was down near the ground;
Her feet were too big for her shiouxs.

—*Evanstonian.*

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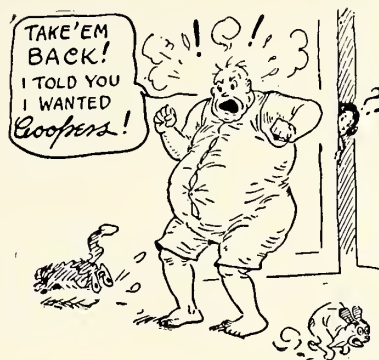
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Don—(to Dorothy Carnright)—“Would you like to go to the settlement dance?”

D. C.—(All aflutter)—“Why, I’d just love to.”

Don—“Then buy your ticket from me, won’t you?”

Old Colored Mammy—“Ise wants a ticket fo’ Florence.”

Ticket Agent—(after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides)—“Where is Florence?”

Old Colored Mammy—“Settin’ over dar on de bench.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

There are metres of accent
And metres of tone,
But the best of all metres
Is (to) meet ’er alone.

—*The Evanstonian.*

He—“Great Heavens. The rudder has broken off.”

Pauline K.—“Never mind, it doesn’t show!”

There was once an interesting poodle—
He never could sing Yankee Doodle:
But he’ll howl and he’ll cry,
Bark, whine, and ki-yi—
He also can lippikyoodle.

—*Exchange.*

Old darkey pastor, delivering funeral oration at grave of the departed: “Samuel Johnson,” he said sorrowfully, “you is gone. An’ we hopes you is gone where we ’spees you ain’t.”

Elizabeth Neureuther—“Look here, Annie, I can write my name in the dust on this table.”

Annie—“Ah, mum, there’s nothin’ like an eddication, is there, mum?”

“Lay down, pup. Lay down, that’s a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you.”
“Mister, you’ll have to say, ‘Lie down’ to him. He’s a Boston terrier.”

—*Onas.*

Kinkson, visiting a small Western town, lost his pet dog. He rushed to the newspaper office and handed in an advertisement, offering \$100 reward for the return of his companion. Later he returned to the office to have inserted, “No questions asked.” When he arrived at the office, only a small boy was to be seen.

“Where is the editor?” he asked.

“Out.”

“The assistant editor?”

“Out.”

“The printer?”

“Out.”

“Where has the staff gone to?”

“All looking for your dog!”

—*Onas.*

An American officer was drilling a Russian regiment. He sneezed, and three men answered, “Here.”

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THE PART OF WISDOM

Teacher—"History tells us that Tiberius once swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast." *Alma* (who was giggling) "don't you believe that could be done?"

Alma—"Yes, Ma'am, but I was wondering why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."

Roommate—"What's become of all our furniture?"

Ditto—"It's that little habit of yours of asking people to take a chair."

—*Syracuse Orange Peel*.

"Was your husband cool when you told him there was a burglar in the house?" asked Mrs. Hammer.

"Cool?" replied Mrs. Gabb. "I should say he was cool, Why, his teeth chattered."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Has you son come home from college yet?"

"I imagine so; I haven't seen my car for the past two weeks."—*Life*.

Miss Mount—(very much alarmed to Ruth Lesser who has had a hard fall on the floor)—"Are you hurt badly? Where did you strike?"

Ruth—(unruffled)—"I'm all right; I struck on my head."

Little Billy told little Bobby what he terms "only a little fib."

Bobby—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Billy—"No, it's not."

Bobby—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Billy—"I don't care if he is. My father is an editor, and he knows more about lying than your father."

Willie and Tommy are two youngsters who are pugilistically inclined. The other day the following conversation took place:

"Aw," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight, my maw'll find it out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your home."

—*Onas*.

Old Darky—(to shiftless son)—"I hearn tell you is married. Is you?"

Son—(ingratiatingly)—"I ain't sayin' I ain't."

Old Darky—(Severely)—"I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is."

—*Life*.

Lady—"Bridget, it seems to me that the crankiest ladies always get the best cooks."

Bridget—"Aw, ma'am, go on with your blarney."



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Ray—"Mom won't let me use the machine any more."

Agnes Hilton—"Why?"

Ray—"I forgot to scrape the hairpins out of the back seat."

Science courses oft reminds us
We can help if we try,
If passing on, we leave behind us
Notebooks for the other guy.

A Frenchman learning English said to his tutor: "English is a queer language. What does this sentence mean: "Should Mr. Noble, who sits for this constituency, consent to stand again and run, he will in all probability have a walkover?"

Mother and small daughter walking on the boulevard see a young lady with unbuckled galoshes flapping in the breeze. Little daughter says, "Mama, is that one of those bootleggers that papa talks about?"

—*The Watchman Engineer.*

"My Sally's done well for 'erself, Mrs. Higson," said Mrs. Earle proudly. "Her Bert's father was a banister of the law."

Mrs. Higson bridled. "I don't know nothing about your bannisters," she retorted, "but my Gertie's Alfred has a brother that's a corridor in the navy."

Will—"Halloa, Henry! I got that crate of chickens you sent all right; but next time I wish you'd fasten them up more securely. Coming from the station the wretched things got out. I spent hours scouring the neighborhood, and then found only ten of them."

Henry—"S-s-sh! I only sent six!"

Ruth—"Do you like indoor sports?"

Dorothy—"Yes, if they go home early."

—*Baker Orange.*

"I'm ashamed of this composition, Charley," said a teacher one morning, "I shall send for your mother—and show her how badly you are doing."

"Send for her—I don't care," said Charley, "Me mudder wrote it, anyway."

—*New York Sun.*

The Professor—"You should study harder and try to take a degree."

Freshman—"Waste of time. When pop dies and I inherit his millions, I'll endow a university and they'll give me more degrees than I can use."

—*Boston Transcript.*

After much excitement the Smiths had at last managed to catch the train. Now when they could sit quietly for a while, they began to wonder if they had left anything behind.

Mrs. Smith gave a shriek.

"O Harry," she gasped, "I forgot to turn off the electric-iron!"

"Don't worry, darling," he replied, "nothing will burn. I forgot to turn off the shower bath."

Inquisitive Old Gentleman—"And what are you digging for, my good man?"

Digger—"Money."

"You don't say so! And when do you expect to find it?"

"Saturday night!"

Dr. Downing—"What is the highest form of animal life."

Bertha—"A giraffe."

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Dorothy K.—"What color curtains have you?"
Toot W.—"Oh, they're all shades."

Dr. Webb—"Before I dismiss class let me repeat the words of Webster."
Pauline K.—"Let's get out of here. He's starting on the dictionary now."

Evelyn A.—"Have you any invisible hair pins?"
Clerk—"Yes."
Evelyn—"May I see some?"

Marion B.—"Why do you spell bank with a capital letter?"
Bee E.—"Why mother said that a bank was no good unless it had a large capital."

Mrs. Pierce—"What is a coquette?"
Helen—(drowsily)—"It's a little thing made out of salmon."

Mary B.—"I've discovered that the heavy end of a match is the light end."
Sylvia K.—"How do you know?"
Mary B.—"Strike one and see."

A June-bug married an angleworm;
 An accident cut her in two.
 They charged the bug with bigamy;
 Now what could the poor bug do?

"Curses! Now for the dirty work," said Florence Hediger as she looked at the dinner dishes.

Mildred Dittman—"Is this the second-hand store?"
Clerk—"Yes."
M. D.—"I want one for my watch."

Sprig has cub! Sprig has cub!
 Bloomig flowers and long greed grass
 Will sood surplad the wilderless.

Teaching is a profession. Understanding what they teach—an art.

TEN COMMANDMENTS IN MOVIE ETIQUETTE

1. Always present a \$20.00 bill at the box office. This will hold up the line, thus showing your influence over the other people.
2. Never go down the aisle indicated by the usher. It shows subserviency.
3. Always sit four rows behind the one the usher indicates because he undoubtedly has some sinister reason for trying to put you there.
4. Do not remove your hat until you have seen at least half a reel. This impresses others with your independence.
5. Always talk to your right hand neighbor in a loud voice because you know it does not bother the actors or the people on the street.
6. Be sure to chew Spearmint gum during the show. There are times when we must be constantly industrious.
7. Read the conversation aloud, thus showing your education.
8. To show character, applaud when the villain succeeds.
9. Always sing with the music. It lends to the atmosphere.
10. On leaving the theater, complain to the manager, thus showing individuality.

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